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Looking Forward

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON, whose article on Europe's immediate economic future—and corresponding ability to pay her war debts—heads this issue, knows whereof he speaks. For he is not only author of several books dealing with foreign affairs, but he has had a wide variety of first hand personal experience in foreign countries. A lawyer by profession and a lecturer and writer by inclination, he has practiced in California and Illinois, and filled various positions in connection with such gatherings as the Williamstown Institute of Politics and the Havana Conference of 1928. He now lives near New York City.

INCREASINGLY, every one agrees, we in this country—even if merely from the standpoint of our own interests—must be able intelligently to understand European countries and peoples, if we are to carry forward with any success the different plans, commercial and political, which now engage so many Americans.

FOR THIS REASON, we are doubly glad to announce that beginning next month, Mr. T. R. Ybarra—well known journalist with many years European experience behind him—will go to Europe for us and report every week those things which are of most interest to Americans.

READERS of the Outlook and Independent who are already familiar with his work can thus count on getting from him regularly a first-hand picture of where Europe is going, and how she looks on her way.

SINCE HE WILL MIGRATE to and from Vienna, Berlin and Moscow, as well as Paris, Rome and London, he will be able to paint a most varied and interesting canvas that will include aspects of European thinking and existence not usually found in newspaper reports. By temperament, personality and experience, he is exceptionally fitted to understand the different peoples of Europe and to present them to us both sincerely and sympathetically. We shall look forward to his articles.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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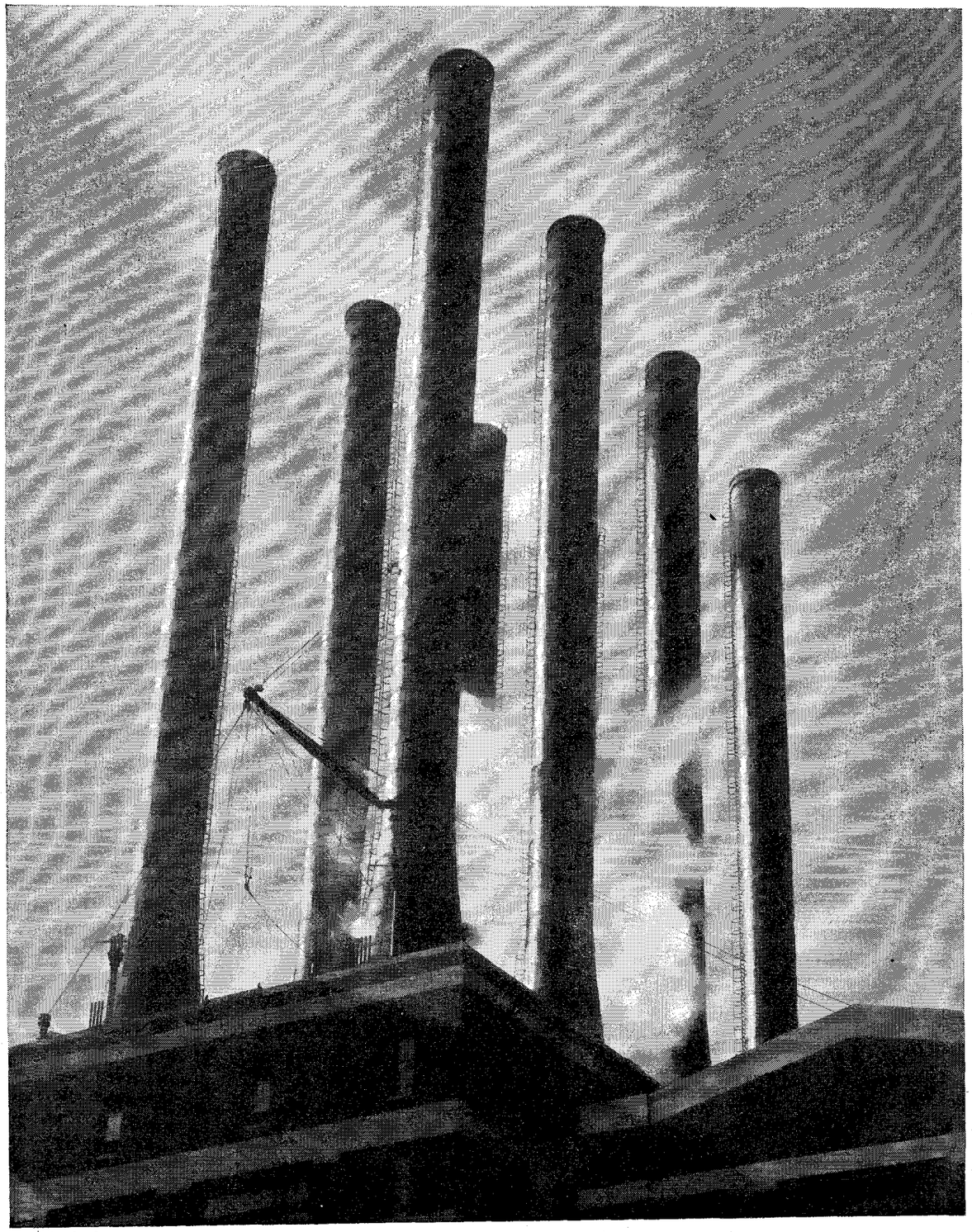

Charles Sheeler

THE PIPES OF INDUSTRY

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Outlook
and Independent
January 9, 1929

Is Europe Really Poor?

By HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

The picture of a poverty-stricken Europe, says the author, hardly bears careful examination. Mr. Norton comes to this pertinent conclusion after a study of economic conditions in thirteen countries which he made during the past summer and autumn months. His paper is a timely contribution to the renewed consideration of war debts and Allied ability to pay them

WHEN the experts on reparations enter the jungle of figures where they are to seek the particular amount which Germany ought to pay the Allies, the politicians may desist for a time from stating *ex cathedra* the total of Germany's liability. It is even possible they will keep sufficiently quiet to allow the idea to penetrate that the total which Germany can pay bears no relation to what the Allies would like to have her pay. It would seem to be fairly obvious that the amount which any particular nation owes the United States plus the amount it has paid for reconstruction, does not necessarily equal the amount which Germany can pay. Also that M. Poincaré is talking nonsense when he loftily announces that he will consider an experts' report on Germany's capacity, provided their estimate of that capacity does not reduce the total of reparations below a figure which will cover France's debt to the United States and her expenditures for reconstruction. At least he is talking politics, which frequently amounts to the same thing.

What is in the back of M. Poincaré's mind when he makes this sort of pronouncement is that he would like to have the United States reduce its claims upon the Allies in general and France in particular so that France can retain for herself as large a percentage as possible of whatever may be collectible from Germany. This is but the present form of a brilliant idea which was born in the fertile mind of Mr. Lloyd George very shortly after the Armistice—so shortly after the Armistice as to indicate a pre-Armistice conception. This idea was that world opinion could be so molded as to prevail upon the United States to assume a major share of the cost of the War. The idea was so promising and has already been used to such good effect that it is small wonder the politicians of Europe tenaciously cling to it. In all likelihood they will do so as long as there is any prospect of making it pay.

The idea has never had any legal force and hardly more of logical appeal. It has been given a tremendous power, however, by the picture which is always hung in a conspicuous place in the dwelling of the international mind, of a poverty-stricken Europe in contrast with an America overburdened with a wealth so great as to imperil its mortal soul. Doubtless this picture, somewhat refurbished for the occasion, will be held before the eyes of the world when the experts' report is in. Whatever their recommendation may be, it will inevitably be followed by a renewal of pressure upon the United States further to reduce its claims. Many a moving moral will be drawn from the lights and shades of this useful if not artistic creation.

Under these circumstances Americans may be forgiven if they show some desire to examine the accuracy of this pictorial representation of European conditions. They would rejoice in any case if they found Europe returning to prosperity. There would be no hypocrisy in this, as a prosperous Europe makes a better market for American goods. But in the present instance they may have a particular interest in knowing what the real conditions are, in order that they may the more accurately weigh the arguments for the reduction of debts.

The traveler through Europe in this year of grace 1928—ten years after the nations of the world ceased from the insane process of blowing their men and money into smithereens—will find much to put into his balance sheet.

He will find England still struggling, and not over-effectively, with a most serious problem. The closing of many of her prewar markets created an industrial depression which even ten years of peace has not enabled her entirely to overcome. With over a million and a quarter men still out of work, England finds the load a heavy one and the means of materially reducing it are not yet in sight. Nevertheless she is again paying her way. For a time England was forced to live upon her capital. Happily she has now reached the point where despite the many calls upon her purse she can again lend money abroad, although at only about one fifth the prewar volume.

IN the question of reparations and inter-Allied debts, however, England has practically no direct interest. Under the terms of the Balfour Note of 1922 she has agreed not to collect more from the Continent than is necessary to meet her obligations to this country. In the current fiscal year her receipts on this

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account were within a few millions of her expenditures and next year the instalments due to America should be entirely covered by European payments. The debt to the United States, therefore, ceases to weigh upon the British budget. It does not increase the tax rate by a farthing and if it were reduced it would not take a farthing off the levies.

IT is on the continent, then, that the more pertinent facts must be found. And in every continental nation, possibly excepting Italy, one is struck by the universal appearance of business activity and general well-being. It is not intended to convey the idea that Europe is as well off in material things as is the United States. This, of course, is not the case. The comparison rather should be with the Europe of 1913—or even with the America of 1913—than with the United States of today. On this basis one cannot escape the impression that Europe has recovered a large measure of her prewar prosperity. This is strikingly true of such old established nations as France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Switzerland. It is surprisingly true of such new countries as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia. It is even true in a large measure of the truncated and wailing remnants of Austria and Hungary. It is probably true of Italy, though there the fantastic boasts of the Fascists are so much greater than their actual accomplishments that a feeling of disappointment and disillusionment is bound to be felt.

All of these and many other countries owe money to the United States. But most of them, particularly the heaviest debtors, look to Germany as the source of funds from which payments to the United States are to be made. The situation in Germany, then, is of vital importance. And here one finds conditions most reassuring. Probably no nation in Europe is more prosperous than Germany today. Certainly no nation in Europe left bankruptcy so far behind in four years as has Germany since the Dawes Plan went into effect. There has been much talk about the inability of Germany to meet the payments of $600,000,000 a year which, beginning this year, the Dawes Plan imposes. But even German spokesmen now concede that this demand can be met.

There still lingers, however, the oft-repeated fallacy that Germany has so far made her reparations payments out of borrowed money. The fact that the total cash payments up to September 1 last year were about $1,300,000,000 while Germany's borrowings abroad totaled close to $2,500,000 has lent color to this view. Nevertheless it is misleading. For during the four years of the operation of the Dawes Plan, Germany has increased her productive capital by over $7,500,000,000. Her net production, then, during those years has been the amount of new capital she has created—$5,000,000,000 plus the amount she has paid on reparations—$1,300,000,000 or a total of $6,300,000,000 in four years. Over a third of this was produced in the last of those years.

Germany, then, has reached a condition which may fairly be called prosperous. She has demonstrated her ability to meet the requirements of the Dawes schedule, which in turn lies at the basis of any settlement of the reparations and debt questions.

Encouraging as are the signs of progress in Germany, however, we shall not want to limit our inquiry solely to the conditions in that country. If a recovered Germany were alone enabling an improverished Europe to meet its obligations to the United States, the situation would be quite different from what it would be if all Europe were reasonably prosperous.

THE activity in Germany strikes the traveler perhaps because of the difficulty in throwing out of his mind the impressions of the pre-Dawes-Plan years. But the appearance of well-being is no less real in the other continental countries. As the observer traverses one territory after another some things come home to him which the postwar concentration upon details may have tended to erase from his mind. First, he begins to realize that there is just as much fertile soil in Europe as there was in 1913; then, that there is just as much rain and just as much sunshine. In other words, at least the basic elements of agricultural production are unimpaired. Also it becomes apparent that with a population quite as eager to earn its living as that of sixteen years ago and with each individual of producing years moved by the same incentives to work as in 1913, one, at least, of the bases of European prosperity is quite secure. Of course there are various political realignments which have interfered with the steady economic development which characterized prewar years. But as the visitor explores one capital after another he finds an enormous amount of activity on the part of every Government to enlarge the economic opportunities of its own people. These activities may, and frequently do, interfere with each other. Nevertheless the question arises as to whether the net total of these activities is not making for quite as rapid economic progress as the sum total of prewar activities of a similar nature.

Hardly willing to credit his impressions of European prosperity, perhaps unwilling to trust to appearances in such a delicate matter, the inquiring traveler is at last driven to seek corroboration or refutation in statistics.

From the very nature and extent of the problem the statistics are bound to lag one or two years behind the impressions. This is particularly aggravating in the present instance because it is in the last one or two years that the most astonishing progress has been made. On the other hand he has some cause to congratulate himself on the availability of certain statistics. Having in mind the old saw about figures not lying but liars being able to figure, he can accept the statistics furnished by the League of Nations with a certain degree of assurance. With the representatives of some two score nations participating in their compilation, he feels safe in concluding that any personal idiosyncrasies in the use of mathematics will probably be canceled out. Into these statistics he dives and after a considerable period under water he comes to the surface with a handful of items which he thinks may assist him in his quest.

IN the pursuit of the measure of the prosperity of Europe he first eliminates Russia. This is done not so much because Russian statistics are really more unreliable than those for other countries but because the experiment with the Communistic system in that country dissociates it from the general question of the prosperity of Europe. Although Russia may owe money to other countries she has flatly refused to consider paying them, and the trade barriers between Communistic Russia and the rest of the Continent make it impossible to include that country as part of the present problem. It is in the Europe which lies west of Russia that he is interested and to which he confines his figures. These he lays before us for what they are worth.

The first item in which we have a direct interest is that the population of

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Europe according to the most generous estimates today is only five per cent larger than it was in 1913. We may set this fact up before us as a basis for valuing the later figures.

At the outset we are disappointed to find that, despite the fertile soil, the rain and the sunshine, the green fields of Europe (always referring to Europe exclusive of Russia) produced in 1927 six per cent less grain than they produced in 1913. More than half of this decrease is in countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia—countries where the war was followed by an agrarian revolution which transferred the land from an aristocracy to the peasants. This has naturally diminshed production but, as the old surplus went largely to maintaining the landlords in idleness, it is not as serious a loss as might at first sight appear. Nevertheless on this item Europe is somewhat poorer than just before the war.

Only less important than grain is the matter of livestock, and here the result of our investigation is more encouraging. Of horses, cattle, sheep, goats and hogs, Europe had nearly ten per cent more in 1927 than she had in 1913. There is a considerable balance of prosperity here to offset the deficit on grain.

In the extractive industries there is a similar contrast. The production of coal and iron ore has fallen off sadly. It had reached eighty per cent of its prewar volume by 1925 when the British miners' strike of 1926 sent it down again. Adequate figures are not available as yet for the last two years. While there is every reason to believe that production has considerably increased it may be some time before the output of coal reaches the prewar figure. The reason for this is the rapid supplanting of coal-burning engines by oil-burning engines. Europe has taken account of this and has increased her oil production as compared with prewar years by twenty-seven per cent.

That this has fairly balanced the decrease in coal so far as the heavy industries are concerned is indicated by the fact that in the production of iron, steel and the other metals Europe has passed the 1913 figures. Barely passed them, it is true (the increase to 1926 was only 1½ per cent). Not enough to parallel the five per cent increase in population. So that the per capita production in 1926 was still below that before the War. Later figures should show a substantial betterment.

This falling off may be due in part to the turning of European capital and productive activity to other industries. For example, in the production of wool, raw silk, artificial silk and wood pulp, Europe has run clear away from the prewar figures. The 1928 production in these industries was twenty-four per cent ahead of those for 1913.

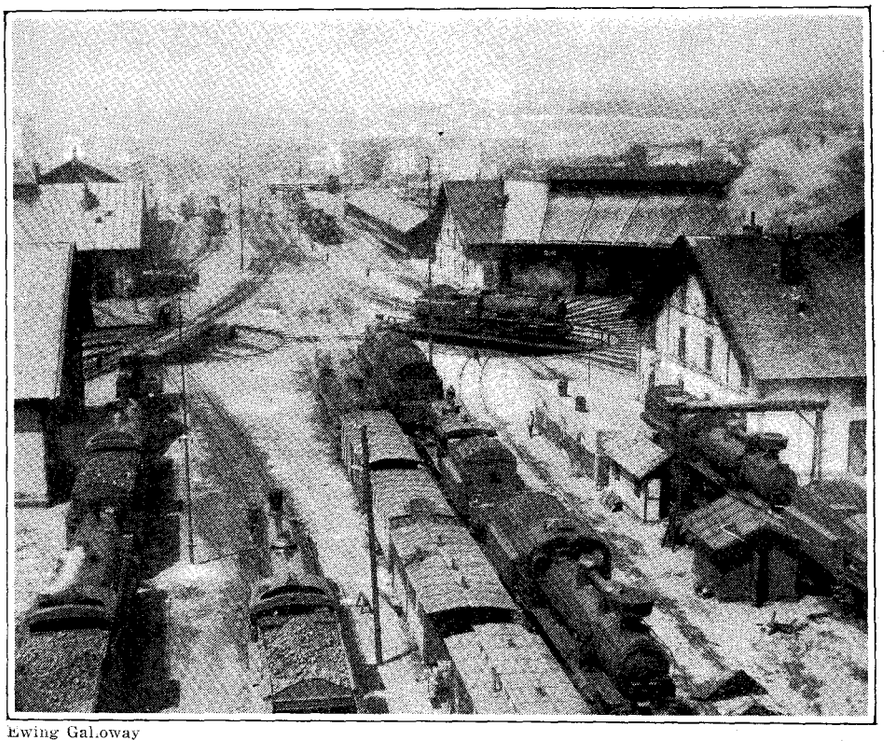
Cotton spindles during this time have increased in exact proportion to the population, the present number being five per cent above that for 1913.

Of considerable importance is the railroad development. In a new country railroad mileage may be rapidly extended as a basis for future prosperity, but in an old established area such as the European continent railways run close to the actual demands of trade and commerce. When we find that the European railways have increased their mileage eleven per cent since 1913 it is fair to assume that there has been sufficient demand for their service to warrant the necessary outlay.

Taking these key figures as an index to the state of European prosperity, certainly they tend to confirm the favorable impression that the Continent as a whole has practically returned to the degree of prosperity which it enjoyed before the War. This conclusion is further strengthened when we learn that some 3,500,000 automobiles (motorcycles excluded) are today running about the European highways assisting the United States in its wild effort to burn up the world's gasoline.

Having arrived at this rather encouraging point in the discussion some skeptic interjects a remark to the effect that this may be all right, but look at Europe's debt. Another dive into the sea of statistics is necessary and we come up again with the following. The nations of Europe (this time omitting not only Russia but the three Baltic States of Lithuania, Esthonia and Latvia as well, the latter for lack of complete statistics) appear to have a combined indebtedness of $22,613,769,000. This does not include Germany's liability for reparations, the total amount of which is now under discussion. Whatever total may be agreed upon, it will simply go to reduce the indebtedness of the other countries by the same amount. As there is no possibility of the reparations total being more than the combined debts, our previous figure for these may be used.

This means that every man, woman and child in Europe owes through his Government, entirely aside from any monthly payments he may have to make on his sewing-machine or phonograph, the sum of $61.73. This may be bad



Ewing Galloway

A HOSPITAL FOR BROKEN LOCOMOTIVES AND CARS

The great railroad shops at Prague are an indication of the bustle and energy which have made Czechoslovakia the most thriving of the new nations created by the war

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enough but still it is not hopeless, for a yearly payment of $4 or $5 will carry the interest and in time extinguish the principal. We should like to get at the ability of Europe to carry a debt of this kind. How much is Europe worth? The estimate of the total national wealth (making the same exceptions as in the last paragraph) is $465,160,000,000. This means a per capita wealth for each man, woman and child in Europe of $1,266.40. The individual indebtedness then is slightly less than five per cent of the individual wealth.

This does not seem so bad. How does it compare with the United States? We have a national debt of our own that runs into a considerable figure—$18,422,280,000. This means that each one of us, including wives, children and ladies not otherwise classified, owes $155.20—nearly two and a half times the per capita indebtedness of Europe. Ah, yes, but then how much wealthier the United States is than Europe! Very well. The total wealth of the United States is estimated at $349,000,000,000. This enables us to make the theoretical assumption that each American possesses material goods of the value of $2,941.90. A few more strokes of the pencil and we arrive at the somewhat unexpected result that our own per capita indebtedness is a little *over* five per cent of our per capita wealth.

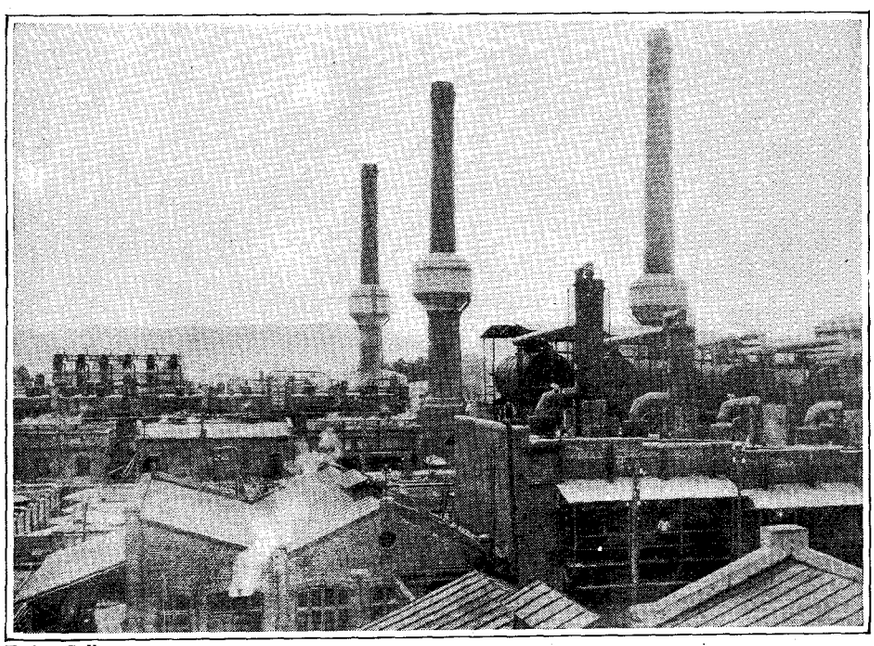
Of course it does not follow that we are worse off than the Europeans. That would be to reverse too violently the colors in the picture on the walls of the international mind. We must take into account the fact that while roughly seventy-five per cent of Europe's indebtedness is owed outside of the Continent, practically all of ours is owed to ourselves. In figuring the national balance sheet we might fairly deduct our indebtedness from our total wealth, proportionately reduce our per capita holdings and say we did not owe anything. Europe might do the same to the extent of twenty-five per cent but if she manages to wipe out the rest of her indebtedness without paying it, she will do so by deducting it from *our* assets and not from *hers*.

It is doubtful if there has yet appeared a good reason why we should consent to such a procedure. Despite the devastation of the war, Europe had returned even two years ago to a state of material prosperity closely approaching that of 1913. It is hardly to be doubted that when the figures for the last two years are available they will show that Europe is considerably better off materially than she was in 1913. Aside from material considerations she has sloughed off several anachronistic imperialisms and aristocracies and, whatever criticisms may still be hurled at the heads of the peace-makers of Paris, has secured a political organization more in keeping with the desires of her people than that which she had before.

There appears to be no reason which would have any substantial appeal, outside the superheated atmosphere of European politics on the one hand and the equally superheated atmosphere of American sentimentality on the other, why the American people should be called upon to make any further contributions to European bank accounts. Europe may not be as prosperous as the United States. Thanks to our geographical position we escaped the major losses of the War and were enabled to continue our economic development under very favorable circumstances. But the picture of a poverty-stricken Europe hardly bears careful examination. It simply does not depict the facts. Europe on her own prewar standards has not only turned the corner but is today a prosperous continent.

What Europe is to work out of the new political and economic set-up which followed the War she is already well on the road toward accomplishing. Even after ten years it is still, perhaps, too soon to make a complete judgment, but, avoiding the finality of absolute pronouncements, we may still prophesy that the future will continue the progress of the present and even step ahead somewhat. It is really unfortunate that the figures for the past two years cannot be brought into the equation. For with them there seems no shadow of doubt that the present state of Europe, as set off against our own, would show the Continent even more securely established, even more definitely headed toward recovery.

Within the next few weeks, with the appointment of the committee of experts to consider the re-application of Dawes Plan ideas to the present situation, there is bound to arise a new demand from the revisionists for a consideration of the debit-stricken side of Europe's balance sheet. No doubt the deliberations of the committee will be made the occasion for a new drive to cancel the war debts and a new opportunity to paint a picture of our debtor nations bent low under the weight of debts which they incurred in fighting the battles of the United States while we were still doubtfully surveying the trench lines, wondering whether there was really reason for our throwing our energies into the scales. When the barrage of propaganda is laid down it will be well for thoughtful persons to consider the facts.



Ewing Galloway

TO GREASE THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

A great refinery at Campina, Rumania, which pours oil into the rest of Europe and money into the nation's coffers

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Exit "Wild Bill"

A Portrait of William J. Donovan

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

Something good is in store for the First Assistant Attorney General. The obvious reward is Mr. Sargent's place in the Cabinet; but among the rumors that fly out of Washington there is one which has the President-elect offering his able supporter the distinguished post at the Court of St. James's. One thing is certain: whatever lies ahead of him the former colonel of the fighting sixty-ninth will be one of the important figures in the next Administration

ALL IS NOT well, these days, along the muddy Potomac. Outwardly, of course, everything is tranquil as President Coolidge brings his reign to a close. But there are innumerable gentlemen in Washington who know no peace. They protest that they seek no office and that their support of President-elect Hoover was due solely to their prophetic belief that he would make the best Chief Executive. Yet in the quiet of the night horrid fears assail them. Had their endorsement of the Hoover boom been prompt enough? Would Mr. Hoover remember their services? Or was he reclining on the deck of the U. S. S. Utah and selecting aides other than themselves? If repressions and their effect on man interest the psychoanalyst, a Freudian would find rich material among the gentlemen who yearn for appointment to the Cabinet or to lesser posts. They seethe because there is absolutely nothing they can do to ascertain their status. Mr. Hoover, once held to know nothing about practical politics, has evaded them all by boarding a battleship.

There are, of course, exceptions. A few among the many who pushed the wheels of the Hoover bandwagon are certain to be chosen, and the outstanding example is William J. Donovan, once known as "Wild Bill" Donovan, Colonel of the Irish sixty-ninth (N. Y.) regiment. Holding—among other decorations—the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal, Colonel Donovan was one of the best decorated heroes of the World War. Now, however, he finds the "Wild Bill" label distasteful and murmurs that he prefers to be called William J. Donovan, attorney. Since March of 1925, he has served as First Assistant to Attorney General Sargent and no one at Washington seriously doubts that Mr. Hoover will find a place for him in the Cabinet. In all probability he will be the next Attorney General of the United States although it is possible that he will be made Secretary of War. Being a lawyer, he prefers the former.

It was not until after Election Day that official Washington (it is now official and desperately hopes to remain so) realized the full extent of Colonel Donovan's closeness to Mr. Hoover. The ugly truth dawned one morning when, scanning the dispatches from Palo Alto, the stay-at-homes read that he had just arrived on the Pacific Coast by airplane and had hurried to congratulate Mr. Hoover. The newspaper correspondents had asked the Assistant Attorney General whether his visit had been political and he replied, as they knew he would, that he had hurried West in connection with departmental legal business. No one believed this, least of all the other aspirants back in Washington. Time is eternal in the Department of Justice and airplanes are not used to transport even a First Assistant Attorney General from law court to law court. It became an accepted theory that the President-elect had summoned Colonel Donovan and such, indeed, was the case. Then it was recalled that the one-time military man had been constantly at Mr. Hoover's side long before the Kansas City convention. During the campaign, it was rumored, his advice had been accepted more often than that of anyone else. He had assisted Mr. Hoover with his public statements and speeches. He had accompanied the candidate on the camping trip into the California redwoods where with half a hundred correspondents and camera men, Mr. Hoover had sought meditation and rest.

"He is an ingratiating Irishman," official Washington said, "who has worked himself into the good graces of Mr. Hoover."

It was an unkind remark, born of chagrin, and it covered the situation most clumsily. It is extremely dubious that Mr. Hoover, the engineer, rates charm—which the Colonel undoubtedly possesses—very highly. In every campaign there are two types of men who do gallant service for the cause and who, if victory comes, are entitled to reward. The more common is the supporter who makes speeches and fights his man's battles in the open. He may qualify for an executive rôle and serve on the national committee. He may raise the funds whereby the candidate, called from private life by an overwhelming public demand, hopes to achieve election. The other type is valued for the mental gifts he is supposed to, and sometimes does, possess. He becomes a member of the inner council. He works far into the night debating vital policies, behind closed doors in the candidate's home. He advises and admonishes. He makes confidential reports regarding tides and shifts. If he is really an asset, he has political acumen and horse sense and, whatever he may say for publication, he privately tells the candidate the facts.

BILL DONOVAN belonged to this class. He did not, so far as I know, make a single important speech in behalf of Mr. Hoover. If he served on committees, it was without public notice. But back of the scenes he was very active indeed. Almost every morning he might have been found eating breakfast at the Hoover home in Georgetown. He served as host for important politicians who had come to Washington to see the nominee. Mr. Hoover may have avoided the newspaper correspondents, and may have neglected to confer at length with Dr. Hubert Work, his committee chairman. He was always willing to see Donovan, however.

It is perfectly possible that Colonel Donovan may have been keeping an eye out to his own political future. He has somehow very little influence with the Republican machine in his own state, New York, and his only real hope of political preferment lies in Washington. He belongs to what is locally called the "Federal Crowd," a group of

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gentlemen whose success has been largely due to presidential favor. Leaving Donovan's motive out of consideration, it can be said that he performed a real service in the late campaign. And it can also be said, strange as this may seem in view of the environment and histories of the two men, that there is much in common between the Irish boy who became a soldier and the Quaker boy, of Dutch descent, who grew up to become an engineer. That is to say, they see alike on many subjects which will be of prime importance during the next four years.

IT HAS happened before, but it is always a little surprising to find an Irishman allied with the Republican Party in New York State. An Irishman is likely to join the minority, in this case the Democratic Party, because he is spontaneously "agin the government," opposed to established wealth, suspicious of centralized power. Often he is misled and is swept into such corrupt political machines as the old-time Tammany. Even then, a touch of the rebel remains and he purifies himself periodically by starting a party row and kicking out the leaders.

Bill Donovan may be forgiven his Republicanism, since he inherited it from his father. There is, at all events, scarcely a note of protest in his record or in the speeches he has made. He is not so blind that he does not appreciate the occasional menace of large corporate interests. As Assistant Attorney General in charge of anti-trust investigations he has warned business men that they will be destroyed if they go too far. The evil-doers are, though, the exceptions. Business "needs a traffic policeman rather than a detective." American business men "should not be treated as though they were narcotic peddlers." Donovan, Irishman though he is, has abundant faith in the goodness of established wealth and even permits himself a slight shudder over the menace of Socialism. There is slight doubt that he is essentially a conservative, essentially Tory.

Colonel Donovan belongs in the Republican Party just as the Hoover of to-day belongs in that party. There are, also, other traits which make the harmony between them further explainable. Donovan works exceedingly hard. His day begins at 7 o'clock when, in all probability, some junior attorney from the Department of Justice is summoned to have breakfast with him. He starts for his office at 7:30 and from 8 o'clock until 10 o'clock he busies himself with a mass of correspondence or preparing some case. By 10 o'clock, when the stream of callers starts, Donovan has accomplished as much work as the average department head gets through in an entire day. He has extraordinary vitality and can work on a brief until midnight, read for diversion until 3 o'clock in the morning and then be down, fresh and smiling, for a breakfast conference five hours later. Before Hoover was nominated it was remarked that "there will be no drones in the Cabinet" if he won. Donovan is no drone, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Hoover admires the energy and efficiency of his younger associate. Most important of all, perhaps, is Donovan's very real ability as an attorney. Even his envious critics admit that he knows his law and he demonstrates this by appearing before the Supreme Court, himself, to argue cases for the government. Mr. Hoover, too, prefers to do things himself.

SUCH are the characteristics which make for cordial relations between the President-elect and the Assistant Attorney General. In addition, Mr. Hoover likes young men who are ambitious and obviously going somewhere. He was young himself, once, and began his rise to fame at an early age. There was nothing vague or uncertain about the youthful Hoover who started his career as a mining engineer. There is nothing vague or uncertain about Colonel Donovan. Eventually they found themselves thrown into contact, one as Secretary of Commerce and the other as the functioning head of the Department of Commerce. Mr. Hoover had been taking great pride in the degree to which he had persuaded the nation's business men to eliminate waste, to work in harmony with each other and with the Department of Commerce. He frequently expressed the opinion that legislation was of slight use in economic matters. He must have been gratified to learn that Colonel Donovan was following a somewhat similar policy. His chief interest lies in preventing illegal mergers, so he calls the industrialists to his office and examines details of proposed combinations. Like Mr. Hoover, he believes in co-operation. Naturally enough his policy delights the business man—and then one recalls that the functions of the Department of Commerce and the Department of Justice differ radically. One exists to encourage business. The other must discourage undue expansion. It is possible that Colonel Donovan's plan will work out well enough and that he has brought a constructive idea to Washington, where they are badly needed. It is still too early to tell.

HAD Colonel Donovan been a person of less discernment, he would undoubtedly have sought to capitalize his war record. He was sent with the Army of Occupation into Germany after the Armistice and often, in the evening, he would walk along the banks of the Rhine with Chaplain Francis P. Duffy and his brother officers of the sixty-ninth. He was known throughout the Allied armies, and the war correspondents had sent so many dispatches regarding his exploits that he was equally famous in the United States. Word of this reached Germany and Donovan was assured that he had a great political future. At first he denied, even to his most intimate friends, that he would enter public life. But under their often profane assertions that they did not believe him, he finally admitted that he might give in. He insisted, however, that the war was a closed chapter of his life. He would not "run for office as a soldier." Certainly it is very much to his credit that he has kept to the resolution made during those conversations in Germany. On only one occasion has Colonel Donovan referred to the honors which came to him on the battle-field. And then he did so only by inference and perhaps with justification.

The slip came during the Senate Judiciary Committee's Aluminum investigation, when Donovan was the victim of an energetic cross-examination by Senator Walsh of Montana. The Senator was insinuating that the Assistant Attorney General had been less than diligent in pushing an inquiry into the Aluminum Company of America. His questions carried an intimation that Donovan might have been more active and he harped on the fact that Mr. Mellon of the Treasury Department had once been a large stockholder.

"So far as its being a Mellon concern," Donovan exploded, "I do not give a damn whether it is a Mellon concern or any other concern. I am charged with the responsibility of enforcing the law."

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"That is the way I want to interpret your purpose, Colonel," said Walsh, with just a trace of sarcasm, "by your acts rather than what you say about it."

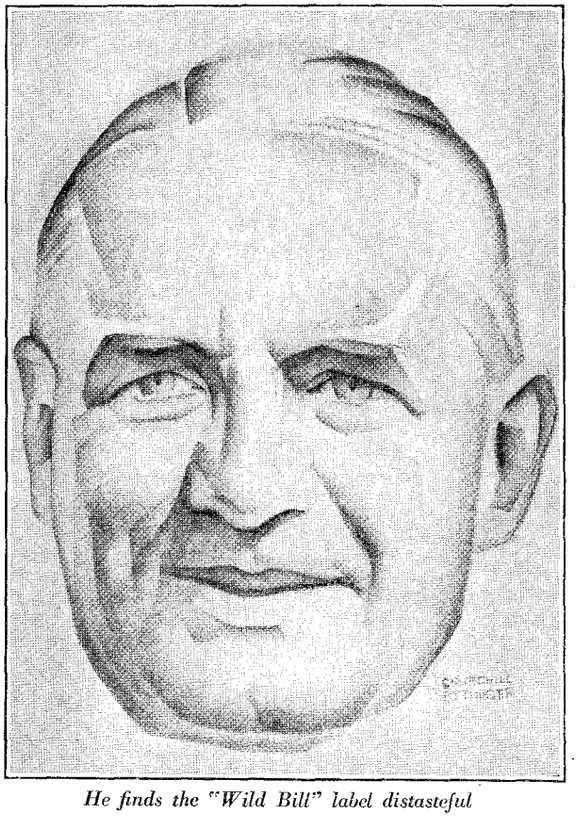
"Senator," retorted the Assistant Attorney General, "I have learned my duty to my country at other places than around this committee table."

If this was a jingling of war medals, the sound was very faint. Donovan has, no doubt, regretted many times that irritation made him utter the remark. Today, only forty-five years old, he bears slight resemblance to the traditional military man. He wears no ribbons in his lapel, not even the rosette of the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award America can give for valor. In appearance and manner Donovan is, instead, a composite portrait of a college alumnus. His type abounds among the ten and fifteen year classes back for a reunion. He is still boyish, but not particularly young—if the distinction means anything. His forehead, for instance, is rather deeply lined. His hair is light brown but there are, perhaps, a few gray strands. His most noticeable feature is extremely blue eyes, which once gave him the nickname of "Blue-eyed Billy," a prefix which he detested even more than "Wild Bill." There is a pleasing vigor about Donovan, a restlessness which crops out in gestures as he talks, in a tendency to jump from his chair and walk around the room. Seldom does a phrase born of army life creep into his language, but there are many born of football battles still remembered. His voice, even in court, is rather low. It is said that he rarely gets excited no matter how bitter the legal wrangle in which he happens to be involved.

Whether he would have it otherwise, the life story of Donovan cannot be separated from his gallantry in the war. It is entirely likely that he would, in time, have achieved success without it. It is ungracious to suggest that he was anything but sincere in his determination not to capitalize those years. He could not, of course, avoid doing so. The war days accelerated his program enormously for he had become almost a legendary figure, a man with a charmed life.

"Donovan's reputation in France," a fellow officer told me several years ago, "was simply extraordinary. And it is interesting to know that it was made in the hospitals and rest camps. When men from his regiment went back to recover from wounds, they were filled with stories about Bill. He became an object of pride to his outfit, something to boast about. Other wounded men heard the stories and then spread them. By Armistice Day Bill was the most famous man in the A. E. F., even including General Pershing."

He was born in 1883, the son of a somewhat unsuccessful Irish politician of Buffalo, N. Y. Timothy Donovan, a native of County Cork, had found America over-rated as a land of opportunity. The strain of racial protest ran strong in the father, if not in the son, and the elder Donovan is supposed to have joined the Republican Party because the Democrats had slighted some fellow Irish-Catholic. This was in the '70's. The gesture brought him local distinction as the G. O. P. leader in the Irish ward in Buffalo. Beyond this it brought him nothing. William, without bothering at that time about politics, decided there had been enough nonconformity in the family. He decided to follow the beaten path. Eventually he was attending the preparatory department of Niagara University and went to Columbia University for his A. B., which he received in 1905. Two years later, having earned money by tutoring, he received his law degree and went back to Buffalo to practice.



He finds the "Wild Bill" label distasteful

Those who have known Bill Donovan intimately, in the army and in civilian life, point out that he cherishes the comforts which only money can make familiar. In France, his mess was the wonder and envy of his fellow-officers. He would contrive to obtain special luxuries from the commissary. Even in a dug-out there was likely to be clean linen. Donovan ate sparingly, almost daintily, but with keen enjoyment. He possessed a natural gift for conversation, and sometimes the dinners which he gave to an intimate or two just behind the lines had all the charm of a social event back where there were no shells, no gas alarms, no hideous rattle of machine guns. In Washington, today, affairs at the home of Colonel Donovan have the same air of fastidious grace. It is not improbable that his fondness for these refinements was born of a rather barren boyhood.

By the time Donovan went to France, however, he had traveled a vast distance from his status as the son of a poor Republican district leader. His law business had increased substantially; he had been married to Miss Ruth Rumsey, daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Erie County. The wealth of the Rumseys had been obtained in no such crude ways as trade or manufacturing or finance. They had merely held on to large tracts of real estate while it grew in value. For years, their principal interest had been art and horses, and when Donovan won the hand of a daughter of the house in 1914 it was final proof that he had arrived. Then came the threat of war. By now a horseman himself, Donovan organized a cavalry troop and went to the Mexican border in 1916. At the outbreak of the World War he was assigned to the Forty-second (Rainbow) Division and went with the 165th Infantry (the ancient, honorable and Irish sixty-ninth N. Y.) to the front. Those who served with him are unanimous in saying that "Wild Bill" was a singularly inept nickname and they assert that it was not given to him in France at all. It had been tagged on during his football days at Columbia and was based on the mere coincidence that

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there had once been a famous baseball player named William J. Donovan who was known as "Wild Bill." Colonel Donovan, his fellow-officers say, was actually far from wild. Their point of view was well expressed by Father Duffy, the regimental chaplain, in his history of the outfit published soon after the war:

"He goes into battle (Father Duffy wrote) in exactly the frame of mind that he had as a college man when he marched out on the gridiron before a football game, and his one thought throughout is to push his way through. 'Cool' is the word the men use of him and 'Cool' is their highest epithet for a man of daring, resolution and indifference to danger.

"As soon as the advance began to slow up under heavy losses, he passed to the front line of the leading elements. The motto of the Donovan clan must be 'Come on.' It was 'Come on, fellows, it's better ahead than it is here' or 'Come on, we'll have them on the run before long.'—He would stand out in front of the men lying in shell holes into which he had ordered them, and read his map unconcernedly with the machine-gun bullets kicking up spurts of dust around his feet.—It was more like a Civil War picture than anything we have seen in this fighting to watch the line of troops rushing forward led by their commander."

It would be difficult to believe all this, save for the character and honesty of those who testify, and one is tempted to discount some of it as the enthusiasm of Irishmen engaged in the national pastime of battle. Probably there will never be a complete explanation of Donovan the soldier. Occasionally there is a man who is a confirmed fatalist and who never worries over the imminence of death for that reason. Sometimes a Roman Catholic so completely makes his peace with God that he can face death in ecstasy. Donovan was neither of these. He is not a spiritual type although he is, of course, a good Catholic. His companions of those dreadful days can only say that Donovan simply did not care whether he died.

COLONEL DONOVAN came home just as the Ohio gang was laying plans to seize the national government and although he may have been receptive to nominaton for some office in New York, none was offered him. He discovered, as a matter of fact, that the predictions of a great public career had been exaggerated and he went back to the law. It was not until the fall of 1922 that he was permitted to run for Lieutenant-Governor of New York on the ticket with Nathan L. Miller. This was, however, the year when Al Smith staged his political come-back and Miller was snowed under. Donovan ran well ahead of his ticket and a few months later was rewarded with appointment as United States Attorney for the Western District of New York. Therewith began the decline of Bill Donovan as a political power in New York. He has been talked of for Governor, for Senator and for Vice-President but he has always lacked the enthusiastic endorsement of the G.O.P. organization. It is entirely in his favor that the machine viewed him with misgivings. As United States Attorney he made himself obnoxious to the wet element of his party, strong in Buffalo as in other large cities, by attempting to enforce prohibition. He announced, like Emory Buckner in New York, that he and his staff had signed the pledge and ever since he has served a form of near-ale, quite lacking in alcohol, at all his parties.

HE aroused the anger of others beside politicians when, one morning, the best people of Buffalo learned that one of the most exclusive clubs in town had been raided and that Donovan, who had known of it in advance, seemed to approve the activities of the federal agents. He happened to be a member of the unfortunate club and must have known that many of his friends had priceless liquor in the lockers. A word from him would have saved the day. The debate over the ethics of his conduct still rages. Some say it was another example of Donovan courage. Others insist that it was a grand-stand play for votes. His senior law-partner, a gentleman of socal distinction, severed the partnership in disgust and this, no doubt, reflected the attitude of a majority of Buffalo's leading citizens. The prohibition law, they said, was intended to be enforced with discretion; it had been passed for the benefit of the working man. Meanwhile, Colonel Donovan appears to have been little disturbed by the storm. He formed another law firm, received columns of newspaper publicity and was called to Washington when the then Attorney General, Harlan F. Stone, asked in 1924 for the "most able and hardest working United States Attorney." Donovan was glad to go, having studied law under Stone at Columbia, and so he joined the staff of the Department of Justice—recently purged of the influence of Harry Daugherty. At first, business was a little apprehensive, for Donovan had assessed some heavy fines against the railroads while in Buffalo. There were hints that he might be a trust-buster. It quickly became obvious, however, that there was nothing wild about Bill. Mr. Stone was elevated to the Supreme Court and John Garibaldi Sargent, whom the President had summoned from the hills of New England, became Attorney General. In March, 1925, Colonel Donovan was promoted to the post of First Assistant and proceeded to run the department, saying that its policy was "to confine activities to cases involving serious violation of the law and avoid investigating unsubstantial complaints."

Prior to taking command of the department Colonel Donovan gave additional proof that, for the present, he had consecrated his life to politics. He campaigned for Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. in the New York gubernatorial campaign in 1924 and made the remarkable statement that "his record as Assistant Secretary of the Navy is greater than his father's in the same office;" going on to explain that the Navy Department was bigger and more complicated than during the days before the Spanish-American war. Colonel Donovan said nothing about T.R.'s innocent but foolish connection with the oil scandals. And he has never been prominent among those who have denounced Messrs. Fall, Doheny and Sinclair.

ON the whole Colonel Donovan has been highly acceptable to his countrymen as Assistant Attorney General, and there will be only faint protests in the event that Mr. Hoover appoints him to the Cabinet. Some Democratic Senator may dig up, for partisan purposes, the fact that Donovan endorsed the evidence against Senator Wheeler of Montana, who had broken the Daugherty machine. Senator Borah of Idaho had insisted that the indictment, which specified the illegal acceptance of a fee, had been inspired by politics and in the end Donovan withdrew from the case. It will be charged, too, that the Assistant Attorney General showed lit-

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What! No More Fox-Hunting?

By T. R. YBARRA

WHENEVER an Englishman reproaches a Spanish bull-fight fan for countenancing such a cruel pastime as the national sport of Spain the Spaniard is almost sure to retort: "Cruel? What about your fox-hunting? What about your stag-hunting?" Then the two go at it hammer and tongs and it is ten to one that their discussion resolves itself into a meeting between an irresistible force and an immovable object.

When the Spanish Government enforced certain rules recently mitigating the crueler features of bull-fighting, English opponents of the sport considered this governmental action a vindication of what they had been saying for years about bull-fighting. But, in the midst of their triumph, they have suddenly been forced to realize that, right in their very midst, in England, the classic land of hounds and red-coated huntsmen, there is a movement on foot which, if successful, will make stag-hunting and fox-hunting things of the past.

A bill is to be introduced as soon as possible in Parliament prohibiting the former in England; and, as for fox-hunting, a number of voices have been raised in denunciation of it as cruelty to animals that should be abolished without delay. These voices are not Spanish voices, either; they are quite English, a fact calculated to make ultra-conservative lovers of the hunt believe that the heavens are about to fall and engulf foxes, stags, hounds, horses, huntsmen and the British Empire in cataclysmal disaster.

The opponents of stag-hunting have circulated thousands of pamphlets calling upon Englishmen and Englishwomen to work toward getting the sport forbidden. There have been public meetings, at which irate males and females have volleyed and thundered. "It is not a suitable pastime for a civilized people," declaimed one. "It is cowardly, unmanly, un-English!"

Two landowners have forbidden the hunting of stags on their land. One intends to make his property a sanctuary for all hunted animals. Not only does he object to hunting for humane reasons but he points out that the work of repairing the damage done after a hunt has passed over his land often takes a laborer one whole day.

The other foe of hunting who believes in deeds not words is a lady who owns land in Wiltshire. "No more fox-hunting on my property!" she has decreed—to the wrath of members of the aristocratic South and West Wilts Fox-Hunt. She has told them, without mincing words, that they cannot ride over her land until they convert their activities into a drag-hunt—which is merely following a scent laid artificially, with no killing of an exhausted fox as its climax.

The Master of the South and West Wiltshire Foxhounds says that the lady's action is of no importance, that there is plenty of land belonging to other owners over which he and the rest of the pink-coated gentry of the county can ride and kill foxes to their hearts' content.

In spite of his scorn one cannot but feel that there must be disquiet among England's blue-blooded Nimrods. One cannot but remember the renowned Holmwood Hunt—already several years old—whose name is anathema to all lovers of the classic art of fox-hunting.

THE Holmwood Hunt is one of the funniest things in England. It is composed not of lords and squires and those who think as lords and squires do but of a bunch of what they would deem plebeians, with low thoughts—such extremely low thoughts in fact, that they actually shoot foxes! Now shooting a fox in England is, in the eyes of the nobility and gentry, considerably lower than robbing a church or punching your grandmother in the eye. Yet the members of the Holmwood Hunt periodically arrange burlesques of fox-hunting, sally forth amid the hills and dales of Surrey with burlesque hunting accoutrements and dogs and weapons, stop frequently and long at roadside ale-houses and, when they come within sight of Reynard, let out war-whoops and blaze away like a regiment at target practice. And sometimes they even kill their fox.

Shooting at foxes! There have been cases of apoplexy among England's nobility and gentry at the very mention of the name of the Holmwood Hunt! Once its iconoclastic members, straggling hilariously along a Surrey road, met a highly aristocratic hunting outfit of the neighborhood, with pedigreed hounds and a code about hunting which no more admitted the shooting of foxes than it did chasing them with trained seals armed with carving knives.

The aristocrats glared ferociously at the plebeians. The plebeians grinned cheerfully at the aristocrats. It looked like a civil war. Fortunately nothing happened—the Holmwood Hunt probably caught sight of another alehouse, or else the aristocrats had to gather around one of their number suddenly seized with a stroke.

THE news that the body of a well-known American radical, who died recently in New York, is to be taken to Russia and buried close to the tomb of Lenin makes one wonder whether the burial ground under the walls of the Kremlin, where Lenin lies, is to become a regular official Pantheon not only for Russian Bolsheviki but also for American adherents of the Bolshevik cause.

For John Reed already lies there. All American visitors to Moscow are taken to see his grave.

When I was in Moscow I also was taken there. An American resident of the city had set out to show me sights of Moscow, including the celebrated Red Square. We had entered it and were standing looking up at the splendid battlements and shining towers of the Kremlin when he suddenly said:

"Here is the grave of John Reed. Did you know him? Whether you did or not, whether you agree with his views or not, I think it only right that you should take off your hat."

I knew John Reed. And instantly I whipped off my hat and stood for a moment, thinking silently about that ardent champion of the Soviets, who loved being in hot water, lived in it most of his life and finally died in it. The other American also stood bareheaded, gazing at the simple grave, in the shadow of the great Kremlin wall, flanked by the gateway to the Red Square and the fantastic cathedral of St. Basil. Then he plucked my sleeve.

"Come along," he said.

And we resumed our "Seeing Moscow" walk.

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From the Life

The Milkmaid

By IBBY HALL

IN the earlier part of the Twentieth Century, there lived in a certain province of Prussia a peasant woman and her little girl. It was an imaginative child, and she had need of this quality of imagination for she lived a life of loneliness. The child and her mother were cut off from mankind not only by their way of living, which was poor and simple, or their surroundings, which were of the country and among beasts, but by a certain mystery regarding the parentage of the little girl. Nobody knew who was the father of this child, and no one cared very much about so unimportant a matter. Except for an occasional whisper life was indifferent.

The child learned early to milk the cows, to care for the house, to cook and sweep and mend. There were a few exciting years in which she was sent to school in the neighboring town, but for the most part her mother brought her up to be a good milkmaid and a conscientious servant. So it was that, being quick-witted and alive she had need of entertainment, and her imagination served her very well. She told herself stories; she peopled her drab world with glamorous figures. She had many a high adventure known only to her secret thoughts. And then her obscure life was touched suddenly by the real adventure of the Great War.

Over her young and foolish head, worth less than little at a time when all life was cheap, rushed the tempest of war and revolution. The whole world was turning somersaults. Kings and queens, fine lords and ladies, statesmen and generals, all head-over-heels in a glittering pell-mell!

By the time the milkmaid had grown up, the war was over. The neighboring town, where she had been taught all she knew of letters, was changed and swollen with a new population. For here had come the left-overs of a monarchistic empire, the worshippers and hirelings of the royal family. Royalty was cheap, and the little servant girl began to people her world with the glamorous figures of reality.

Meanwhile the town, which had been simple and not so big before the war, was filled more and more with a sense of its own importance. Each day a new name of one-time dignity was added to its list of population. Each week the gossips were agog with a new and amazing story. Even the humblest of the townspeople began to feel a second-hand intimacy with the royal family, once sacred and far-removed as the Deity. So it was that the little milkmaid's story was only one more amazement to an already amazed and delighted populace.

For now at last the secret was out. The obscure and illegitimate child was actually the child of a queen. The silent and hard-working peasant woman in reality was only nurse to this child. One by one more glamorous details of this hidden existence were brought to light. For it appeared that the little milkmaid, when only in her teens had been twice married to royalty, once unhappily and once (after a divorce) morganatically. The second and morganatic marriage was to no less a person than the German Crown Prince himself.

IT did not take long for the townspeople to make the most of their spectacular advantages. The little princess who had lived among them all these years unrecognized was now made much of. It was evident that she was poor. Considering the hardships of life on a farm, with only the companionship of her old nurse, it became suddenly imperative that she must live in the town, where she could be seen and entertained and provided for.

Jewelry, motor cars and money were offered and given by the loyal citizens, and that once young and foolish head was in danger of being turned completely. Nevertheless the milkmaid princess chose to live in the home of two elderly spinsters who earned their livelihood by keeping a small shop. The sisters were humble and eager in their devotion to royalty and this mark of royal favor almost completely overwhelmed them.

The dazzled sisters learned much that they had never guessed before of the ways of royalty. Morsel by morsel their pretty young princess confided to them the secrets of her relatives. For instance, the Crown Prince was very fond of dumplings. Also, the Crown Prince had fallen on days of poverty.

The eager sisters shed tears of gratitude at this opportunity. Were they not expert cooks? And did they not have a little extra money in the bank?

The Crown Prince was soon a constant visitor. The days of his visits were holy days. The trembling sisters waiting out of sight, heard his approach, observed his departure, but never saw his face. All they needed, was to know that he appreciated their dumplings and was grateful for the loans.

It was not long before the two spinsters had lent their unseen royal visitor all their worldly possessions. But it would never do to let the Princess know the difficulties that had been reached. It would be much better to pawn a few things—things that were hardly needed by two old women. Soon it appeared to be better to ask for a mortgage on the shop. And in a space of time that ran by all too quickly it suddenly appeared that the sisters were as destitute as the Crown Prince himself.

It was on that day when bankruptcy overtook them that the Princess disappeared. And now at last the two faithful subjects of a deposed Prince began to think things out. Others of the town, who had given generously in the support of royalty, could afford to deny it or keep silent. But these two who had lost everything could not afford the luxury of reputation. It was necessary for them to find the runaway princess and to appeal to the police.

THEY FOUND HER at last hidden in a cow barn. For, in the end, pursued and frightened, she had taken refuge with those creatures whom she knew best. And it was among those dumb witnesses that she protested that the fault had not been hers alone. Had they not believed her, the milkmaid asked earnestly, because it gave them pleasure? When she told them the truth they would not have it. She had been forced to go on with the fairy tale.

But in spite of her protests the imaginative milkmaid—the illegitimate child of an amorous forester—the false princess of a foolish town—was brought before the court. For two years now she must sit in a cell with only her imagination for entertainment.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

TO rhapsodize at this late date about Ethel Barrymore's voice is equivalent, we suppose, to praising Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Practically nobody can be found to disagree with you. Nevertheless, we must confess to experiencing the old thrill all over again the other night in Miss Barrymore's new theatre, where she is presenting Sierra's "The Kingdom of God."

As a thrill, it was particularly effective, too, because, garbed as a sister of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, Miss Barrymore came on the stage so disguised that she was not recognizable until she spoke—whereupon every one in the theatre realized all over again that there is only one Ethel Barrymore.

And now that is disposed of, what of the play?

Well, as most of the world knows by this time, Sierra is a Spanish dramatist, who writes most of his plays for his wife. "The Kingdom of God," we believe, was no exception. And though it suffers because of the necessity of a translation it is a genuine play, setting forth real ideas, striking to the root of things and in every way worthy of consideration, not merely as an entertainment, but as a sincere drama.

In a sense, it is a baffling play. For because of the nature of the idea with which it deals, it calls for a construction and form which have led many critics to consider it formless—a fate usually experienced by all plays which do not conform to our Anglo-Saxon rules of dramatic construction. It seems to be inevitable that as critics we cry for new forms in the theatre; and then when some one does present a new one, we sigh regretfully and remark, alas, that it has no form.

As we see it, there is a distinct form in "The Kingdom of God." It presents no psychological study of character; it puts over no idea of the playwright himself. Instead, it presents, very simply, different scenes in the life of a sensitive woman—scenes far separated in time and place, and held together not by any thread of dramatic action or melodramatic invention, but solely by the significance of each one in its relation to the idea which dominates the play.

The first act takes place in a Spanish asylum for poor old men. The second is a provincial maternity home run by the Sisters. In the final act, thirty years later, Sister Gracia, still unmarried, having renewed her vows year after year, is running an Orphanage, at the age of seventy. She is first, then, a young girl of nineteen—Yes, and Ethel Barrymore looks nineteen, believe it or not!—full of idealism, of sensitive response to happiness and unhappiness; determined to leave her socially ambitious family in order to make the world happier: in this case, a group of God-forsaken old men in an asylum.

Second, after ten years of a life devoted to unselfish effort, so bruised and beaten is she by the injustices and unhappiness of life as it shows itself to her (particularly in a maternity home for unmarried mothers) that she can neither endure any longer her situation there nor take happiness for herself in marriage without feeling that she is betraying God. And she is twenty-nine.

Finally, she is an old woman, ruling her poor orphanage with love and strength; beset by poverty and indifference, but endeavoring to make up somehow to her foundlings for their own lack of parents, and give them an opportunity to face the world as other children do.

ITS THEME, of course, is the maternal instinct, glorified by emotion, translated by religion into a thrillingly magnificent, almost despairing attempt to realize the Kingdom of God on earth, despite all the manifest injustices in the world created by this same Deity.

Such a play naturally has no hero. The only moment of love or passion which comes Sister Gracia's way, she shrinks from because it will give her only selfish happiness. It cannot add to the general happiness which she can bring into the lives of others.

Modern criticism of the theatre could easily construe such a story as a portrayal of a woman so complexed with love and admiration for her father that no other man would ever secure her undivided emotions, leaving her no recourse except to mother the world. Any intelligent view, however, must discard such an intention in "The Kingdom of God." Because we are given no facts of Sister Gracia's childhood or life. Instead, we are presented with a character already made, and are given a series of dramatic pictures showing how such a woman's life turns out. As in the "Cradle Song" the main motif is that of maternity. But whereas in the "Cradle Song" the maternity of the nuns, deprived of their own children, expends itself in love for a favorite ward, in "The Kingdom of God" maternal love is shown bringing no happiness, no relief. Instead, it is pictured as a driving, bruising, irresistible force which compels Sister Gracia always to turn away from experiencing life herself to endure the suffering of others.

SUCH A PLAY could easily be absurd in the extreme. It could be widely sentimental and unconvincing. But it is Ethel Barrymore's triumph, and that of Sierra, too, that "The Kingdom of God" seems made of the stuff of life itself. In fact, we know of no better moment in the theatre in recent years than the final scene wherein Ethel Barrymore, as a Sister of seventy, quells the revolt of the boys, at their wretched dinner, by her appeal and command to help bring to pass the Kingdom of God on earth.

Were it not for the second act, we should even say that it is a great play. Criticism aside, nevertheless, it is worth any one's time. Certainly, it is an excellent example of the difference in methods used by American dramatists and Continental ones. There is no superficial, victrola-like reproduction of colloquial language or the surface of existence. Instead there is a simplicity that deals with realities—the same quality one finds in plays of Chekov and recently in Paul Raynals's "The Unknown Warrior."

To the American, the lack of any attempt to reproduce the superficial aspects of existence may make the play seem somewhat amateur—until the relentless emotional power that is in it gets over the footlights and the beholder forgets the difference in treatment and is stirred only by a realization of a common humanity.

If Ethel Barrymore will continue to do such plays in such a manner, her theatre will rise as far above the other theatres in New York as she does above any of our other actresses.

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The World This Week

What Will Hoover Do?

ROSY-FINGERED DAWN, abandoning the usual route, is coming to the United States from the far West by way of the South—with Herbert Hoover. So, at least, we conclude from the prognostication of William Allen White's "Emporia Gazette." "Thank Heavens," it says, "the long night of dull acceptance of things as they are is nearing its close." And with the night will vanish the "plug hat plutocracy." With an idealist of the "Wilson-Roosevelt type" in the White House, idealists will come to the front in the States. There are skeptics, to be sure. There is the Virginia editor of "Crawford's Weekly," for example, who knows that Mr. Hoover's Administration "will be hog-tied abysmally by the big money interests." But whether optimist or incredulous, the press of the country is beginning to speculate on what the new President will do. Usually doubt about it leads no further than suspended judgment; and even the aforementioned Virginia editor concludes with "here's hoping."

Specifically the new Boulder Dam act (*lucas a non lucendo*) gives rise to speculation. Congress has left to the new Administration the choice between public and private operation. Opponents of the bill look hopefully toward the obstacles still in the way of the project. A single recalcitrant State, among the seven with rights to the water of the Colorado River, may indefinitely delay the building of the dam. But if no State objects, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Interior will have to decide the policy of the Federal Government. What a newspaper hopes or fears about this is colored by its attitude on the one hand to the plan, and on the other hand to the forthcoming Administration. One newspaper, a supporter of Hoover but an opponent of the dam is sure that Mr. Hoover will never countenance Government operation; another, supporter of both Hoover and the dam, is sure that Mr. Hoover will undertake this with efficiency as a means of setting a standard of rates for hydro-electric power and a means of curbing the Power Trust; still another, having convicted Mr. Hoover of indecision on the subject, almost gleefully sees in the law a source of trouble for him.

The fact that Mr. Hoover has kept his hands off legislative matters and left Congress and President Coolidge to their own devices has not made editorial prophecy easy.

Not the least among the problems which the press sees confronting Mr. Hoover is prohibition. That it is a problem, and a very difficult one, is no longer, if it ever was, the contention solely of the wets. With a frankness not quite so evident during the campaign, the unsatisfactory state of prohibition enforcement is acknowledged by newspapers that are aggressively dry. One of these, the "Christian Science Monitor," makes no bones of

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"IT'S A PRETTY DOVE, BUT—"

recognizing the widespread discontent with enforcement, and says that, though enforcement is better than it was, it is still not good. It hopes for much from education in observance of the law. Wet newspapers still scoff at Congress for its refusal to appropriate for enforcement any such sum as the Prohibition Commissioner and the wet Senator Bruce both proposed. The "Chicago Tribune," which charges that a certain class of criminals are mostly aliens and should be deported, refrains from attributing bootleg lawlessness to aliens. The fact is that both wets and drys ascribe the existence of the problem to a confused public opinion—the wets saying that the country seems to want prohibition and liquor, too, the drys saying that rebellion against prohibition is disgraceful. The "Kansas City Star" thinks that the liquor business has always been cowardly, cites the success of Carrie Nation in smashing illicit saloons, and calls on public officials to display more courage. On the other hand, other papers at present see the country engaged in a losing game with gangland. It is a losing game, because gangland knows what it wants and upon those who try to thwart it visits punishment that is prompt and inexorable. Hardly any discussion of crime in this country ignores the part played by bootleggers and their allies. Admirers of Mr. Hoover's idealism and administrative ability can at present do no more than wonder how he will win to his efforts at real enforcement the support of those who are at present indifferent or hostile.

If Mr. Hoover's future course is baffling, even more is President Coolidge's. He has now about two months left in which to cap his Administration with memorable achievement. He will do this, in the opinion of most editors, if he succeeds in securing from the Senate the approval of the Pact to Renounce War. He will do it, too, if he manages to provide for the participation of American experts in the undertaking to settle the reparations question.

Concerning both these international enterprises there is still concern expressed lest we allow ourselves to become involved in needless and troublesome—perhaps even dangerous—obligations to Europe. If Great Britain can without reproach state her understanding of the meaning of the Anti-War Pact, why, it is asked, cannot the United States Senate state ours? We must, it is urged, insist that, in giving their aid to the expert settlement of reparations, in which we have no direct interest, our experts shall not even appear to represent officially the United States Government. But, properly safeguarded, both the Pact against War and the new development of the Dawes Plan would be regarded generally by the American press as a brilliant accompaniment of President Coolidge's exit from office.

Hoover Comes Home

HERBERT HOOVER'S honeymoon is over and his official troubles begin. His desire to absent himself from Washington and its problems until March 4 has

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been upset by the insistent demand of political and legislative leaders that he have a heart for their difficulties. That is apparently the explanation for the unusual picture of a President and President-elect sharing the spotlight at the National capital, technically though not actually in violation of the tradition that the incoming Chief Executive should remain in the wings until his predecessor has played his part to the curtain drop.

Hoover, according to newspaper dispatches, discovered that there were some disadvantages in his plan to checkmate patronage seekers by staying away from Washington. Before he continues to Miami, where he intends to live until just before the day of inauguration, he is expected to set at rest the suspicions and fears of Republican bigwigs on Capitol Hill. They have not taken kindly to the report that Dr. Hubert Work, National Chairman, would become the official shaker of the political plum tree. The farm bloc has become restless under the demand of Eastern leaders for immediate enactment of an agricultural measure. They want an extra session for more extensive consideration of their woes. Meanwhile, Eastern interests cry for an old-fashioned revision of the tariff, thus arousing the suspicion of the Westerners that they are more interested in steel than in corn. And over this turbulent situation broods the great Borah as he delivers himself of the implied accusation that Mr. Hoover's party is trying to "wriggle out" of its farm-relief pledges.

Speculation on the identity of his Cabinet is also said to have caused Hoover some uneasiness. He is reported to have frowned upon discussion of this subject by the correspondents who accompanied him on his South American trip. But he could not stop it at Washington, obviously to the embarrassment of himself and some of his friends and supporters. Conflicting reports on the selection of his official household coincide with his return. Some say that he has given no inkling of his intentions, while others intimate that at least half of the future members of the Cabinet have been informed of their good luck.

One other act, more in the nature of an abdication than an assumption, foreshadows the changed status which Hoover will have after March 4. According to report, he will divest himself of all investments and holdings which might conflict with his duties as Chief Magistrate, sell his beautiful home next door to where Woodrow Wilson lived and prepare for four years of what some men consider a prison and some a paradise.

▸▸Police Items

OUR TWO LARGEST CITIES begin the new year with fresh concern for the industry of organized crime which has been developing within their boundaries during the last decade. In New York, Police Commissioner Whalen has revived the strong-arm squad to make war on the gangsters, and he is looking for hard-hitting members of the force; men who are handy with fist or billy. In Chicago, John A. Swanson, new State's Attorney, has been analyzing his difficult task.

Against the demand and need for law enforcement he places the obstacle of the "immense revenue collected by organized crime. A great deal of this immense revenue, running into millions, is collected from liquor law violators, racketeers, commercial vice leaders and gamblers, and is spent for protection. The patrolman on his beat is 'fixed,' then his sergeant, then the lieutenant. In order to get the facts the State's Attorney's office must conduct its own investigation and that takes time."

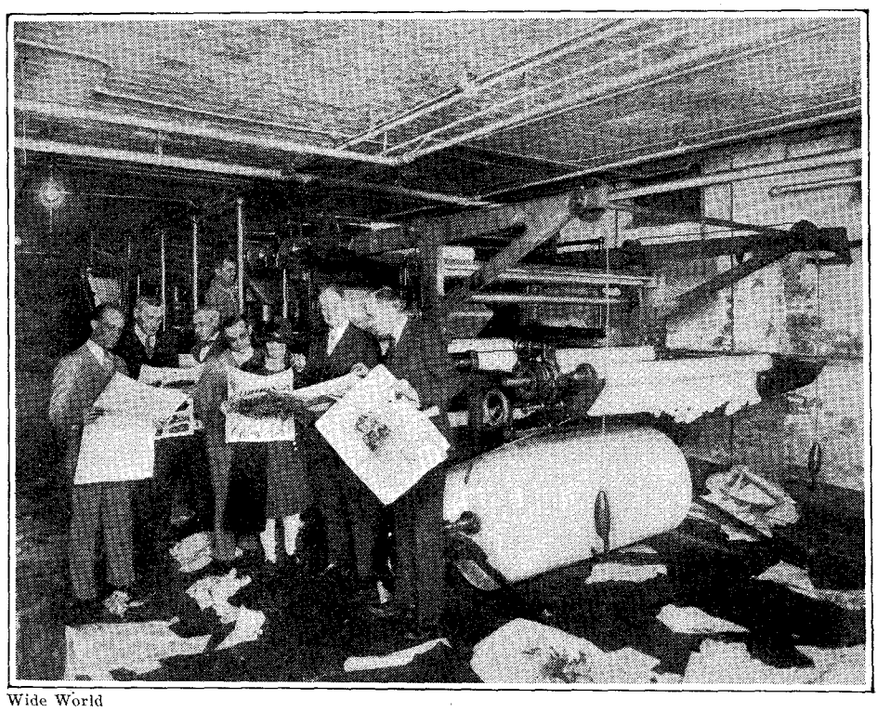
Mr. Swanson has also been giving some thought to the popular Chicago custom of throwing—in Chicagoese—"pineapples."

"Why do we have more bombings in Chicago than in other cities?" he asks. "It is a peculiar psychology, this bombing. Why we of Chicago suffer more from this form of terrorism I do not know."

Mr. Swanson has reason to be concerned; a "pineapple" was tossed at him last spring.

▸▸For Open Tennis

AMERICAN TENNIS OFFICIALS seem to be fairly well on the way to a solution of some of their troubles, through the sanction of an Open Tournament such as is held in golf. Outside of teaching the game, it is practically impossible for the professionals to hold a successful tournament without the co-operation of amateurs. Among the professionals there are only two at the top of the heap, Karel Kozeluh of Czechoslovakia, and Vincent Richards. It is possible, though not too probable, that some of our amateur stars could beat one or both of them. Certain it is that they could make a better match of it than most of the professionals, who so seldom can afford to sacrifice style in stroke to the scoring of points. It is quite possible that such a tournament as is proposed would serve more sharp-



Wide World

MAKING NEWSPAPER HISTORY

Reading the first newspaper printed on cornstalk paper in the pressroom of the Commercial News, Danville, Illinois

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ly to emphasize the distinction between amateur and professional, and do away with some of the "trippers" who have been making more money of their amateur standing than they could by turning "pro." It works well enough in golf, and there seems to be no reason why it should not work in tennis.

▶▶Dangers of Prosperity

AFTER A SILENCE which we do not propose to interpret, we welcome again to the arena of discussion Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. We find him saying in his annual report to the trustees of Columbia University:

"While we are engaged in the relief or abolition of poverty, we must not overlook the gravest dangers which attend undue absorption in prosperity. One of these is, as Spinoza points out, laziness. The contentment which follows upon material prosperity induces satisfaction with whatever is, no matter what may be its shortcomings, its dangers or its immoralities.

"The public mind needs a constant spur to self-examination, to self-criticism and to higher and finer self-expression. If this cannot come as a result of the effort of the educational system of the land, from where is it to come? We are having just now many and painful evidences of the truth of the saying of a wise man that when religious discord enters by the front door, then Christianity both in spirit and in truth goes out by the window.

"If the emotional illusions and the intellectual barrenness of current political controversy could be put away, and if the American people would discipline themselves to look facts in the face as they really are, the political life of the Nation would take on a much finer form."

Elsewhere we find him making the wise observation—so it seems to us—that the cure for lawlessness is not more laws, nor more severe punishment; the true cure, he says, is to cease passing laws which the general will does not or will not accept and then to train that general will in habits of self-discipline.

▶▶A Plan and a Prize

ALL OF WHICH reminds us, somehow or other, that W. C. Durant, automobile baron, has a plan for enforcing prohibition, Major Chester P. Mills, former administrator of the dry laws, has $25,000, and friends and foes of prohibition have a fresh opportunity for a battle of words.

Major Mills was one of 23,320—his wife another—who took up Mr. Durant's offer of $25,000 for "the best and most practicable plan for making the Eighteenth Amendment effective." All told, the entrants furnished the committee of award with 64,000 suggestions. A few proposed modification of the Amendment, 5,340 urged modification of the Volstead Act. A majority, however, favored more and harsher enforcement; they demanded punishment of consumer as well as seller, deportation of alien offenders and jail sentences for all offenders.

The winner, on the other hand, thinks that the Volstead Act was well conceived, and that its provisions are capable of enforcement with few if any legislative changes. The chief reason why prohibition does not now prohibit, he believes, is the "diversion of alcohol and liquors under cover of indiscriminately granted permits controlled by unreliable persons" and to that phase of the vexed issue he directs most of his attention. He would plug this hole in the dam in several ways; permits would have to be renewed every six months and the applicant would be subject to the same inquiry that a bank makes of a candidate for a loan; independent denaturing plants have "no economic reason for existence" and should be eliminated since they are "often driven to make a living by delivering unlawful supplies to the bootlegger;" finally, a strict supervision of the manufacturing activities of permit holders will practically eliminate opportunities to divert specially denatured (non-poisonous) alcohol to bootleggers.

Underwood

WINNER OF $25,000

Major Chester P. Mills, who won the $25,000 prize offered by W. C. Durant for the best plan for making the Eighteenth Amendment effective

Mr. Durant seems to think that he got his money's worth from Major Mills, but in official circles, we note with some surprise, there are no cheers. James M. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, disagrees flatly with the statement that illegal diversion of specially denatured alcohol provides the vast majority of liquor consumed today. Diversion has been almost entirely eliminated, he declares; adding that the chief source of supply is smuggling and illicit distilling from grain and corn sugar. He regards the prize award as "merely an exchange of old stuff for new money."

▶▶A Retort and a Report

MR. MILLS retorts that his critics have ignored the "fundamental principles" of his plan. He refers to that section which deals with local conditions.

"Local conditions in each district vary," he says. "In one the supply of illegal liquor may be entirely derived from stills; in another the great source of supply may be the diversion under cover of permits. In each district the source of illegal liquor is clearly determinable. The plan of enforcement should recognize this and treat local conditions so as to insure the suppression of local sources. . . . An essential is that the sources for each district be publicly made known by the central authorities and local administrators; this publicity must be as extensive as possible."

Meanwhile the Moderation League, Inc., finds the time propitious to give out a report dealing with drunkenness under prohibition. It is based on information received from 584 police departments which supplied figures for arrests for intoxication for four years, 1924 to 1927 inclusive; 518 departments which supplied figures for eight years, 1920 to 1927 inclusive; and 388 departments which reported for fourteen years, 1914 to 1927 inclusive.

"In the 584 places arrests for drunkenness increased from 640,125 in 1924 to 676,708 in 1925, to 695,928 in 1926; and to 707,104 in 1927.

"In the 518 places arrests for drunkenness in 1927 reached 238 per cent of the figures for 1920, the first year of National prohibition which was the lowest year for drunkenness.

"In the 388 places reporting from 1914 to 1927, arrests for drunkenness in 1927 were higher than in any previous year, save only the war-boom

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peak of 1916. The 1916 peak was 559,364 arrests for drunkenness, and 1927 almost reached it—being 557,369.

"Conditions in the former so-called 'dry' States are very much worse today, compared with the 1914 pre-war level, than are conditions in the so-called 'wet' States. In the places reporting from dry States there were 106,072 arrests for drunkenness in 1914, reached a peak of 115,810 in 1915 and then dropped to the low point of 59,941 in 1919, during the war-time restrictions. In 1920, the first year of National prohibition, they rose, and have risen each year since then. In 1926 and 1927 the rise became sharp again, after slowing down somewhat in 1924 and 1925. In 1927 it reached 134,327 which is way above the 1914 level and the 1915 peak."

And so, as we remarked before, the battle is joined again.

▶▶*Dismal No More*

A SHIP CANAL has been built through North Carolina's famous Dismal Swamp. To most of us the name recalls only Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's dismal second novel, "Dred: A Tale of the Dismal Swamp," and the old reputation of the swamp as a refuge for run-away slaves. But a writer in the New York "Sun" shows that it has historic interest. Washington surveyed it when he was a young man; later, when President, he visited it again and urged that it be drained and furnished with canals—in fact its first-built canal is called Washington's Ditch to this day. He was an enthusiast about its possibilities and declared that it was "neither a hollow nor a plain but a hillside."

Other explorers took the same view. Colonel William Byrd of Virginia, ancestor of the present Governor Byrd of that State and of Byrd, the explorer, in 1725 wrote a description of its charm, so that the name which still clings to it seems always to have been more or less of a misnomer. Thomas Moore, the Irish bard, visited it and wrote a ballad called "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish-American poet and patriot knew its "desolate beauty" yet called it "the most defamed land on the earth."

Now this region of lake, swamp and hillside, with its old-time romance and tenor is at once to take its share in modern commerce as part of the Atlantic Coastal Waterway.

Judging the Future by the Past

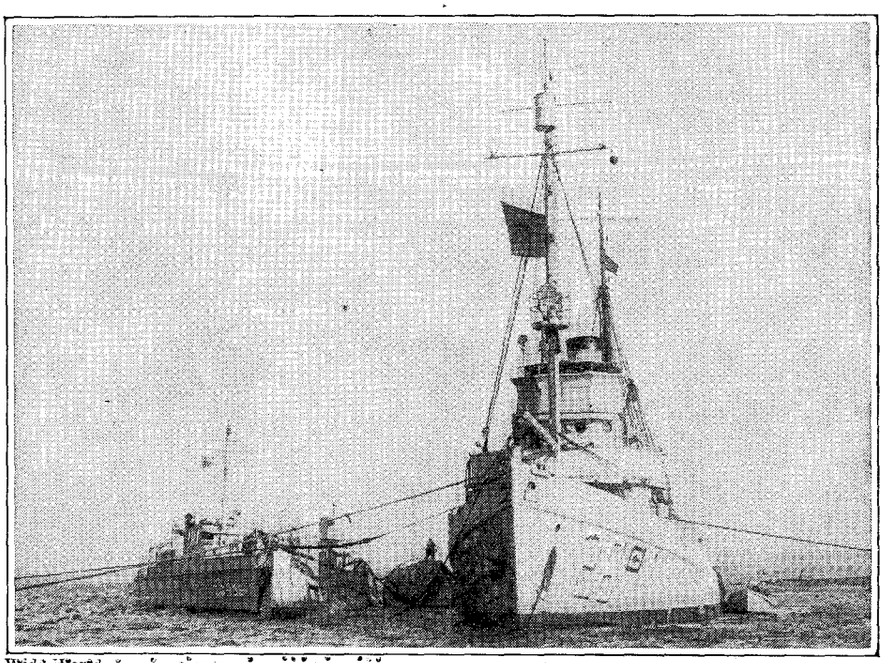
One Hundred Years Ago This Week

WE CONFESS a deep personal interest in an editorial pronouncement which we discovered in the "Morning Courier," New York, of January 5, 1829.

"A man wakes up with the tooth ache, eats no breakfast, and goes off grumbling to his place of business. He takes up his newspaper—finds something in it not exactly in accordance with his own opinions and instantly sends a note to the editors with the instructions to stop his paper. He has his tooth pulled in the course of the day, feels the want of his paper, and puts his name anew on the subscription list. 'Stop My Paper!' bawls A. B., 'you are opposed to the tariff, and like a liberal man as I am, I will not listen to your arguments, against it.' 'Stop my paper,' shouts C. D., 'you are a confounded Turk, and I'll have nothing to do with you.' 'Stop my paper,' cries E. F., 'you refused to insert a puff for my newly invented flea-trap.' 'Stop my paper,' roars G. H., 'you have dared to express an opinion of your own, when you knew, I thought differently' . . . . . 'Stop my paper,' exclaims I. J., 'I cannot make a tool of you, and, you will not do for me;' and so on till you come to Y. Z. Magnanimous mortals, what fine editors you would make!

"One of the greatest rewards of an independent man, is that he makes friends quite as easily as he makes enemies, and friends too that are worth having—men who act on principle themselves, and who esteem and uphold principle in others. Therefore it happens that editors gain more than they lose by spurning with contempt the impertinent interference of the selfish and the mean—by a steady adherence to their now honest opinions—and by unceremoniously turning out of their doors each and every swaggering bully that calls upon them to retract or apologize, when they have neither made misrepresentations nor mistakes. We have found it so; and by gradually purifying our subscription list of these *paper stoppers* and *ten dollar threateners* who would not allow us to have an opinion of our own, and by supplying their places with liberal-minded men, we have got a band of subscribers which we would not exchange for any in the Union. They like us, and we like them, and thus we go on 'prospering, and to prosper.'"

On further thought we confess a desire to emulate that dead but doughty editor who expressed so feelingly what we have so often mutely felt.



Wide World

THE S-4 RISES AGAIN

The U. S. S. Falcon and the Chewink with the S-4 between them after the submarine was raised by divers in the recent naval safety test off Block Island

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Stagg Drops the Track

AMOS ALONZO STAGG will no longer coach the track teams of the University of Chicago. The dean of football coaches, who first handled Chicago runners away back in 1896, will devote more of his attention to the accumulating duties of the athletic directorship. It is time that some of his burdens were lifted.

There is perhaps no more sturdy and stanch figure in American athletics. He has seen pupils of his and their pupils in turn achieve National distinction as coaches in many forms of sport, and it is significant that these emissaries always carried with them the ideal of amateurism.

Knute K. Rockne, among the most famous of coaches, got his start at Notre Dame under the teachings of Jesse Harper, a pupil of Stagg's, and today Hugo Bezdek at Pennsylvania State College carries on the ideals of the old Yale star. The list, in fact, is as long as a man's arm. Stagg's connection with baseball after his graduation from Yale, where he was known as "the Christian athlete" through his indefatigable work for the Y. M. C. A., is perhaps little known to youngsters; contemporaries still insist that he and his fellow players of the old Staten Island Cricket Club's nine were responsible for the invention of "inside baseball" before the famous Orioles of McGraw, Robinson, Jennings *et al.*, ever heard of it. To this day Jim Tyng claims the invention of the catcher's mask, while Huyler Westervelt, B. Spalding de Garmendia and others were perfecting the double play. There were giants in those old amateur baseball days, and Stagg was not the least of them.

A New Big Fellow

AL LASSMAN, one of the most formidable football players in the Eastern sector, and captain and tackle at New York University, is about to invade the professional boxing field. So far as build is concerned he is bigger and heavier than any of the present run of heavyweights out of which Tex Rickard hopes to make more money. Whether Lassman will develop into "another Tunney," as the forthcoming publicity undoubtedly will assert, is a problem that few critics care to tackle. Lassman has a delightful personality, is enough of a fighter to hold the present heavyweight amateur championship, and if earnestness alone could carry him through he would be in the seats of the mighty right now.

The professional fraternity, however, will remain skeptical for some time. Too well it remembers the fate of another great football player, Munn, of Nebraska. Munn would make pretty close to two Tunneys and so would Lassman. Whether Lassman's intelligence, of which he has plenty, will make up for any lack of the "killer instinct" only a campaign in the squared ring will show. On the football field, he has been something of a "killer" so far as the rules would permit, although last season he suffered a broken leg and this year a concussion of the brain. There is no doubt that he is clever with his hands, and he starts out with a better pair than Tunney possessed. The road to the top is a hard one, and the history of heavyweights graduating from the amateur ranks is not inspiring. The fact that Tunney did it makes it, perhaps, a little easier—this combined with a change in the type of spectator, who has been educated up to boxing and no longer demands a knockout. So far as popularity is concerned, while it is possible for Lassman to inherit the Tunney following, he may as well make up his mind that he will never be an idol with the Dempsey contingent. Changing his name to Jack McGroorty might help.

Remarkable Remarks

Economic prosperity is not the sole object of government.—HERBERT HOOVER.

In Indiana they always have two Governors working for the State—one in the Capitol and the other in jail.—REPRESENTATIVE LOREN BLACK.

I get so sick of "Abie's Irish Rose"—I hope it dies. I am thinking of finer things.—ANNE NICHOLS.

Liberalism ought to come forward with a sweeping program against betting and against drink.—LORD BEAVERBROOK.

It is no accident that commercial success has followed the footsteps of the Bible.—REV. DR. RALPH W. SOCKMAN.

Jesus was not a journalist.—GLENN FRANCK.

No successful boy ever saved any money.—HENRY FORD.

It is not for nothing that I have been so generally acclaimed as the modern Voltaire.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

The important thing about work is that it affords leisure for play; if it does not do this it is not fulfilling its social purpose.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

I hope to work at least once a month.—JACK SHARKEY.

Communistic Tangles

ALTHOUGH the impoverished peasants themselves in Russia have been rebelling against Soviet requisitions of grain, and although crop production has been in a bad way because discontent has led to curtailment of cultivation, the Soviet Congress in Moscow decided at its annual session on a five-year program of forced agricultural communization. This plan was laid down at the plenary session of the Russian Communist party last month; and the obedient deputies in the national Congress have recorded their acquiescence.

What is contemplated is an intensive development of state farms, state-aided collective enterprises in farming, communal farms, and state-supported contract farming. All of this constitutes a drive against individual initiative in farming, as represented in the efforts of the more prosperous peasants who are a constant embarassment to the theorists of communism. The Soviet authorities propose to furnish tractors and other equipment, as well as seeds and fertilizers to collectivist farms of which they approve. The next few years should see a significant test of two systems of working the land in the communist national laboratory.

The Super-Super Universe

"MAN, THE WONDER and glory of the universe," as Darwin described him, continues to debunk himself. Three hundred years ago he believed himself to be the only thing of real importance on a planet which in turn was the only thing of substantial importance in existence. One might be excused, however, for thinking the self-depreciation process had gone far enough when man discovered the earth to be but one of a family of eight planets belonging to one of a billion suns composing the Galaxy, but now Dr. Harlow Shapley, noted Director of Astronomy at Harvard, has reduced our habitation in

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space one more rank in importance by announcing that he has discovered evidence of the existence of what he calls a "super-universe," an orderly association made up of two to three hundred galaxies similar to our own Galaxy or Milky Way, all moving as a unit like a swarm of bees.

Now that Dr. Shapley has enlarged our concept of our stellar neighborhood to some 10,000,000 light-years (60,000-000,000,000,000,000 miles) we ought to feel more than humbled, especially when we are told that there are many thousands of other galaxies which are not in our particular super-universe and are 100,000,000 light years distant. According to the all-but-accepted Einstein theory the universe must have a limit, and new researches, new telescopes, are pressing in the direction of that limit at a rate that should bring us in sight of the very end of the knowable, possibly within a decade. If by that time man has discovered the whole of everything in existence everywhere, that is, the super-super universe, will the further pursuit of this goal lose interest, much as the pursuit of the two mathematical abstractions, the poles of the earth, lost interest when both had been attained, or will man then be content to sit down and try to discover whether he amounts to enough to be worth bothering with, after all?

▸▸*Exploration, New and Old*

When Byrd on Christmas Day reached the Ice Barrier—"glistening symbol of the impregnability of this desolate land," as the "New York Times" correspondent aboard the ship called it—the news was read at American breakfast tables two days later and the explorers in turn received as promptly holiday messages from home. When Sir John Franklin perished in 1847 after two years of search for the Northwestern Passage, his fate was not definitely known for ten years, and meanwhile, five years after his death, he had been promoted to be a rear admiral.

There was a flavor of mystery, romance and tragedy about the old-time exploration which contrasts singularly with the big business methods of today, the heavy financing, the modern scientific equipment, the airplanes and the ability to talk to all the world day by day as we see Byrd and Wilkins now doing. A record of 11,000 miles for transmission of voice by radio has been established by Byrd.

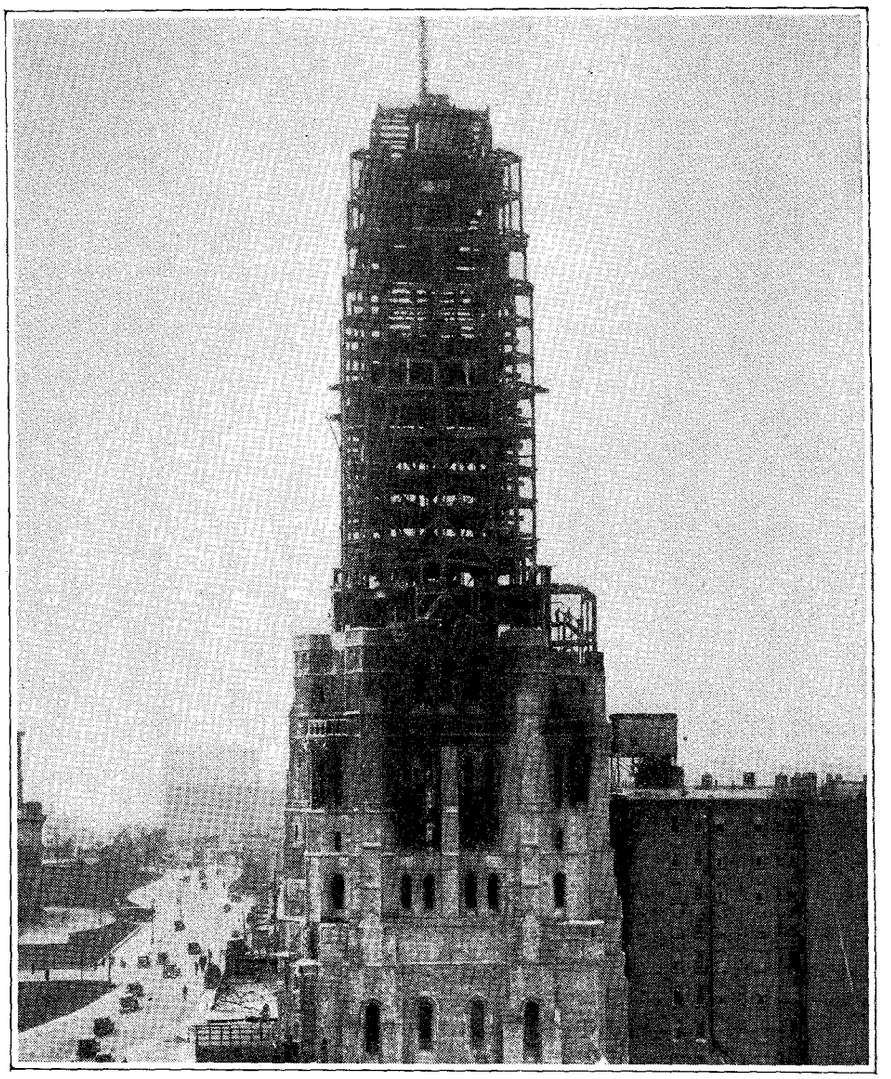
Both the antarctic expeditions now well under-way are to make serious and long-continued efforts to increase human knowledge. The friendly rivalry between Byrd and Wilkins is not a race to the South Pole, where Amundsen and Scott arrived close together many years ago. It is, rather, a rivalry to define the geography of a vast continent.

The Ice Barrier facing the Bay of Whales on Ross Bay is higher than the masts of Byrd's ship. On it sledges may pass, over it planes may fly hundreds of miles eastward to the Pole or south to the unknown reaches of Victoria Land and King Edward VII's Land. Wilkins's immediate problem is from another approach; his base is on Graham Land to the north of the Pole; thence he has already taken one notable flight and thinks that he has established the fact that Graham Land is not, as supposed, a peninsula but an island.

The Antarctic has been called the last challenge of geography to science. Its final mysteries are now being solved.

▸▸*Wire Tapping in Italy*

Mussolini, impatient apostle of law and order, has added one more check upon the "free" citizens of Italy. According to a decree published in the Government "Gazette:" "Any subscriber who uses his phone or lets another use it for conversations of an immoral nature or directed against the public order" will be deprived of the use of the telephone and forfeit the subscription he has paid to the end of the current year. But after all, Mussolini is hardly developing a new brand of snooping. Not long ago the Supreme



Underwood

A $1,000,000 FIRE

The partially completed Riverside Church on Riverside Drive, New York, which was recently wrecked by fire

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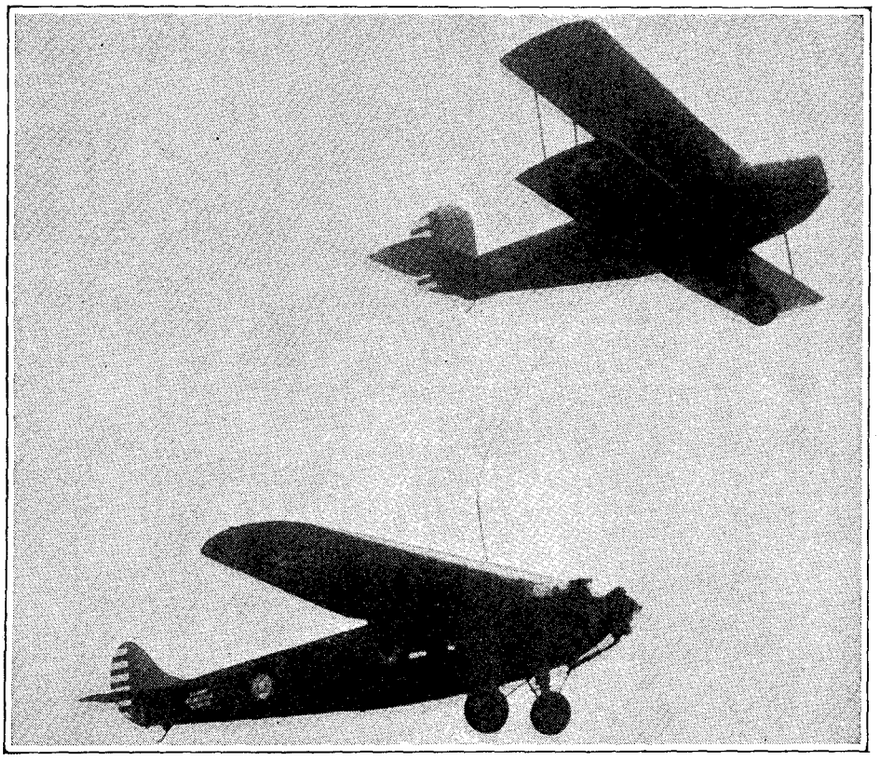

Wide World

"GASSING UP" AT 80 MILES AN HOUR

The army plane "Question Mark" taking on fuel from another plane while flying eighty miles an hour preparatory to its endurance limit flight

Court at Washington ruled that evidence secured by tapping telephone wires was admissable in criminal trials. Perhaps this decision opened the eyes of the Iron Duke to a vast field of espionage hitherto untapped.

▸▸*Hollywood's Italy*

HISSES AND WHISTLES almost halted the guest showing of "Street Angel" in Rome, when that recent feature production of the American motion picture industry reached the Italian capital. And dismissal by Mussolini of the entire Italian Board of Censorship, which had passed the film, followed the performance. So the movies proved once more that they are an international force of formidable possibilities.

The action of "Street Angel" is laid in Naples; and the treatment of its theme made Italian spectators feel that their life and manners, their costumes and cities, had been caricatured and distorted. Mario Carli, a well known critic wrote in "L'Impero:"

"Perhaps in the remote past conditions approached those shown in the picture, but in Mussolini's Italy certainly nothing of that nature exists. Gypsies, underworld characters, prostitution, cheating, misery, vice, overdressed peasants, gamin life, people in rags, filthiness, superstition, thuggery, human landscapes immersed in endless fog—even the classic sun of Italy was obliterated . . . Can you imagine an Italian landscape perpetually steeped in fog?"

Mussolini's dismissal of the censors is the second move chiefly against American motion pictures. The first was an order prohibiting the display of foreign films, except by special permission. And France and Spain have also taken action against American films which they think misrepresent their life. It ought to be growing obvious to Hollywood that motion pictures involve something more than amusement.

▸▸*Religious Dynasty*

THE CONVENING of the Salvation Army's High Council in London is to consider a change in the command. Heretofore the rule has been that of a dynasty. General William Booth took the army-ideal seriously; he was a general and a generalissimo. No doubt his absolutism made the Salvation Army what it is. But family descent is not the best to secure leadership of an organization embracing divisions in many countries, numbering thousands of officers and administering many millions of dollars worth of property.

When General William Booth died he left a slip of paper in a sealed envelope naming his son Bramwell as his successor. It is understood that General Bramwell Booth proposes to pass on the supreme power in the same way to one of his seven children.

Curiously enough, this secret, not-to-be-questioned, mysterious delegation of high command is most nearly paralleled by the practice of the Jesuit Society—at least as dramatically set forth by Eugene Sue and Dumas.

A mere outsider might think the time had come for the freest possible exercise of choice by the Army itself in the selection of its head. It seems, however, that the real question before the High Council is not, Shall a Booth or some one else be General? but, Which Booth shall Reign? In America and Canada and to a less extent elsewhere, Commander Evangeline Booth, sister of Bramwell Booth, is regarded as a highly desirable Commander in Chief. Others think that the headship should go down in direct line. With earnest respect for Commander Evangeline Booth's eminently excellent work and spirit, we wish that the question of royal descent, so to speak, could be eliminated. The United States, England, Canada and Australia (in all of which countries the Army is strong) are democratic countries. It is time to make the Salvation Army representative in its government; that it is already unselfish and humane in its work everyone knows.

▸▸*"Pocket Veto"*

BEFORE MANY WEEKS ARE OUT the Supreme Court will be called upon to make one of those far-reaching decisions which set up one side of a dispute as right for evermore. This one concerns the validity of that negative resort of Presidents—the "pocket veto." Senator Norris is responsible for bringing up the argument which concerns, as it happens, one of Senator Norris's pet projects—Government operation of the giant power plant at Muscle Shoals.

Just before adjournment was taken last spring, Congress decided to end its seven years' wrangling over Muscle Shoals and passed the Norris-Morin Bill providing for Government operation. The bill was promptly sent to the White House for Executive approval. According to the Constitution, if the

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Springfield, Missouri

President fails either to sign or to veto a measure within ten days it becomes a law without his signature. But before the ten-day period had expired, Congress adjourned, and Mr. Coolidge, who has never favored Government operation at Muscle Shoals or anywhere else, thought the matter had been effectually disposed of by the simple expedient of his "pocket veto."

But he reckoned without the earnest Senator from Nebraska. Although Mr. Norris is willing to concede that the pocket veto is a valid weapon when it extends over adjournment of the short session of Congress which must come to a close at noon on March 4, he holds that the same rule does not apply for the long session. At the end of the short session, one Congress actually dies and a new one takes office. But at the end of the long session, it merely adjourns to meet again. Therefore, the President cannot use his pocket veto at the close of the long session. And therefore, to make the application, the Muscle Shoals bill has already become law.

Senator Norris seems to have the weight of precedent with him; so has the President. Which position is correct the Supreme Court must decide.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE REGRET to have to record it, but those two gallant though hot-tempered worthies—Calvin Coolidge and Andrew W. Mellon—have had their first serious falling out. They are, we hear, at fierce odds over such vast problems of state as city planning and municipal art. Not so long ago Calvin journeyed to Pittsburgh and informed the surprised citizenry of Mellon's smoky barony that its mills and blast furnaces epitomized the spirit of America. The materialistic Calvin spoke his soul as never before or since, and we have always suspected that this was his subtle way of throwing bouquets at his own Administration. We remember the incident for the gossip that ensued over his blunt exposition of his philosophy, and because some of our informers in the Presidential party returned with a delighted anecdote anent the President's critical and cosmopolitan taste in things artistic.

They regaled us with a story of his masterful silences while a wealthy steel manufacturer escorted him through a marble palace stuffed with European statuary, paintings, stained windows and tapestries. Before all these old-world wonders, we were told, Calvin was as unresponsive as Vermont granite. But those who tell it say that, upon entering the noble dining room, he leaned low over the centerpiece of fruit on the table, sniffed mightily and observed: "Hmmm—bananas." Now, this is no meaningless story. To those of us who appreciate our Calvin it was his old-fashioned way of expressing his notion of the human weakness of other people for putting on side. We tell this tale, of course, only to fix the incident more clearly in our memory, and hasten back to Uncle Andy.

He, too, spoke on municipal art in Pittsburgh a short while ago, but with characteristic thoughtfulness, he exalted the magnificence and cleanliness of the National capital. He spoke feelingly of his long latent ambition to be the one to make L'Enfant's dream of Washington as the world's most beautiful city come true. In its stately shrines and structures, said Andy, dwells the soul of America. Seemingly oblivious of his boss's preference for the soot and flames of Pittsburgh, he described Cal's co-operation in clearing out the shacks along Pennsylvania Avenue and building shiny new buildings on the Mall between Washington Monument and the Capitol. There was a devastating lack of teamwork—or sympathy—between Mæcenas Coolidge and the Administration's latest artistic prodigy. All of which inclines us to place some credence in the report that Calvin will quit the White House for a lucrative and decorative position with the United States Steel Corporation, while Uncle Andy hopes to hang on as Herbert Hoover's Secretary of Fine Arts. We consider it more than coincidence that, as March 4 approaches, Mellon's distate for going back to the banking business and his desire to dedicate himself to the beautification of Washington become more voluble in his private conversation and public addresses. Almost every day the newspapers carry stories about it, and when we read them, we know that Andy has been talking again.

We cannot but hope that Hoover will take pity and reward such devotion to a cause never before espoused by the Pittsburgh banker, for he takes terrible punishment at times. Congressional committees and curious correspondents make his official life miserable. We observe that even under friendly questioning or cross examination he finds it difficult to express his thoughts clearly or consecutively, and his explanations always seem to muddle matters more, especially when he tries to tell why his estimates of deficits and surpluses so rarely square with the facts. Perhaps it may be only a little failing in a big man. We understand his attempt to answer Jack Garner's recent criticism was so sorrowful that Ogden Mills had to step in to take the blows and questions hurled at Mellon by the men of the press.

Both Under Secretary Mills and his predecessor, Garrard B. Winston, have had to afford frequent sanctuary to "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" at his biweekly press conferences. We can hardly credit it, but we are informed that Mills frequently finds it necessary or desirable, or both, to jump in, like a referee, and end the punishment imposed on his boss by newspapermen seeking only a plain, unadorned statement. Time after time, we hear, Mills interrupts to present the Treasury point of view or to define it in crisp, aggressive terms that will look well in the evening editions.

"What Mister Mellon means," begins Mills, and then he spouts in his best Johnsonian manner for half an hour at a stretch, while Uncle Andy stares, gapes, nods solemnly at the end and judiciously assents to requests for permission to quote him.

A. F. C.

Kirby in the New York World

"HO HUM!"

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Editorial

Peoples Worth Knowing

WHAT has Mr. Hoover's tour taught us in the United States about Latin America? It is not unimportant.

We have at our command all the most modern means of communication. When Mr. Hoover stopped to fish we knew what he was doing almost as soon as he cast his line. "Now he is in Nicaragua," we have been told, "now in Ecuador;" and so on down one coast, across the Andes, and up the other. We have been reading of receptions and speeches. We have been given statistics of population and trade, and outlines of history, with references to past revolutions. We have been told that here they grow bananas, there rubber and elsewhere coffee. We have learned that our investments in Latin America approximate $5,000,000,000, and that our commerce with Latin America exceeds our commerce with such and such European countries combined. Our newspapers are enterprising and they give us what we want. They recapitulate, with revisions up to date, what we learned from our geographies. They transfer to print the art of the megaphoning guide on the sight-seeing bus.

We have learned, however, little of the soul of these peoples of alien race and foreign tongue—of their arts, their literature, their ideas and ideals. Do we care to understand their minds, to catch something of their thoughts, to know about their ways of living, their measurement of values, their cultural inheritance, and their dreams of the future?

Many of the most highly educated in the republics of Latin America look upon the United States as a land of semi-barbarism. Why?

Good will, worth cultivating for its own sake, is valuable even as a business asset. Mr. Hoover's tour has been a tour of good will; but genuine good will cannot endure without understanding. And we cannot expect Latin Americans to understand us unless we try to understand them.

We cannot understand them until we know something of their origins and history. In 1913 Don Frederico Alfonzo Pezet, then Minister from Peru, delivered at Clark University an illuminating address on the contrast between the settlement of what he called Anglo-America and that of Latin America. The one was opened by colonists, the other by conquerers; the one by builders, the other by plunderers; the one by people trained in self-government, the other by people trained under absolute monarchy. The colonists brought their women with them, and built their communities of their own blood. The conquerors, on the other hand, subdued a barbaric civilization and left a new race of mixed blood. The history of the northern continent was that of orderly evolution; the history of the southern continent that of misrule and turmoil. Democracy in Latin America has therefore come to a mixed people by sudden and violent change.

The natural result of such a history as outlined by this cultivated and distinguished Peruvian is a civilization very different from ours. With traditions deeply imbedded in the culture of Spain and Portugal, the people of Latin America have experienced a great revulsion against certain ideas of the Old World. Though having in common with Spain the cultural medium of language and many of the same social tastes, the people of Latin America have come to regard the Old World as decadent and the New World as the place where the culture they have inherited will flower. They—at least some of the most cultivated and influential among them—prize not only their Latin inheritance but also the vigor of their Indian blood. At the same time Spain, France, and Italy, each eager to offset the power of the English speaking peoples, are looking to South America as a field for the growth of what they are pleased to think of as Latinity. Spain has attempted what has been called "a spiritual and intellectual recovery of her lost colonies." France has taken pride in the natural inclination of South Americans to turn to Paris as their intellectual capital. And Italy, whose people have emigrated by many hundreds of thousands to South America, looks with jealousy upon every indication of non-Latin influence among the Latin American peoples. In the current issue of "Foreign Affairs" there is an article by Salvador de Madariaga, Professor of Spanish history and literature at Oxford, showing how the very idea of "Latinity" is an artificial product of the common interest of France, Spain and Italy in the peoples south of the Rio Grande. And in the same issue of that quarterly is an article by F. Garcia Calderon, who was Peruvian delegate to the Paris Peace Conference, indicating the real independence of Latin America from even the cultural control of Europe.

Out of these influences, partly European, partly Indian, are developing nations of individuality and yet of common culture and ideals. More and more, as these nations of what we call Latin America grow in power, wealth, and stability, they become conscious of what a citizen of one of them calls their "continental destiny." The propertyless classes, once kept in tutelage by the rich and powerful, are rising. The very mixture of races, white and red and black and yellow, which Europe has despised, is a source of pride in the nations of South America. There, in the minds of South American idealists, is the blend of all the best in the world for the making of a new civilization. The United States, in their eyes, is the last empire of the purely white race. It is a civilization of factories, of standardization, of material achievement. Its power is recognized but is not envied. There is, to the Latin American mind, something better than machinery and material luxury. The ideal of being is better than the ideal of doing. Co-operation is better than even peaceful conquest. Experience is better than achievement.

What, then, have we in common with Latin America? One thing surely—a faith in the future. In both North and South our eyes are turned forward. As a Scotsman, for some time professor in the University of San Marcos, at Lima, Peru, has said of both continents of the New World, "America's time is coming." And that future is firmly based on a democratic ideal. Mr. Hoover has stated that in a phrase that has resounded through the nations of Latin America and has echoed here: "No frozen classes at the top."

We need not exchange ideals with the peoples of Latin America. We shall not readily adopt theirs, and we cannot reasonably expect them to adopt ours. But we can learn something of each other. Perhaps they will learn from us how to underpin their ideals with material prosperity. We may well learn from them how to employ material prosperity in developing a broader experience of mind and soul.

The Editors

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

IN THE new cathedral of St. John the Divine, according to architect Ralph Adams Cram, Bunker Hill Monument could be set up in the center of the transept, with fifteen feet to spare. (If I read enough of this sort of thing, I'll be cathedral-wise, too.) And although of course nobody is actually going to set it up there, still it's a good thing to keep in the back of your head, anyhow. One can easily imagine that a man who did his worshiping with a constant awareness of this possibility might find it hard to break off and join a dinky little church that could scarcely accommodate Grant's Tomb or even an ordinary Soldiers and Sailors Monument. Suppose, for instance, that, accustomed to a Bunker Hill transept, you were suddenly obliged to settle down in Guthrie, Oklahoma. And there, let us assume, you were promptly visited by the local Fundamentalist leader.

"Brother," he would exhort you, "I shall hope for your support of the biggest Men's Bible Class between St. Louis and Wichita Falls."

"Delighted!" you reply. "Ten o'clock, wasn't it? But hold on—*hold on.* What about your transept?"

"Why, my friend, we have a basketball court, bowling alleys and the largest swimming pool between Pawhuska and—"

"I'm afraid you don't understand," you say. "What I mean is this: could the Bunker Hill monument be set up in your church?"

You repeat this last question firmly. Right about now, he ought to be edging toward the door. "Well, now—I don't know—I'm not sure that I—"

"It was thoughtless of me," you continue, "but I've always made it a point never to attend any church that couldn't accommodate Bunker Hill Monument—preferably with ten or fifteen feet to spare. You understand, of course, Under the circumstances. . . ."

* * *

There's another very spectacular statistic about this new cathedral, namely, that its main aisle is one tenth of a mile long. You can readily grasp the difficulties that will confront the average wedding party along that aisle. No trouble for the groom, of course. (But then, who cares about a groom?) He can make the trip the day before in easy stages and take a good rest before the ceremony. The bride, though, will certainly have to be in the pink of condition. This custom of having the giver in matrimony escort the bride will be a problem, too. Not many middle-aged fathers could stand a trek like that. And what about the bridesmaids?

"Maurine Jones, maid-of-honor, got away to a useful lead, found the distance to her liking, and was never headed. Mabel Gherkin closed gamely to outstay Helene Schrecht who finished with a rush. Estelle Griggs went wide at the entrance. Olive Jinks quit early. . . ."

A guest in a rear pew would know that a wedding was going on because his invitation said so. But he'd need a pair of good binoculars to see any of it.

* * *

LONDON.

EDITOR, *The Autocar*:

I should like to draw your attention to a source of annoyance, caused to following drivers, to which I have not seen previous allusion. Returning from Brighton to Eastbourne one night, I came up behind a closed car, American, I think, and was partly dazzled by the reflection of my own headlights in the polished surface of a double-bar buffer. I was unable to pass this car (which was going much slower than I wished to travel), partly on account of the winding nature of the road, and partly on account of the car driver occupying too large a share of the road. I am of the opinion that he must have known I wished to pass, but was not sufficiently courteous, or road-wise to give me an opportunity of doing so. (XX 4369)"

Now, I myself was once a victim of eye-strain due to double-bar-buffer-glare and I know what it's like. It's no joke, I can tell you. But being gadget-wise as well as road-wise, after one or two experiences of that kind I lost no time in installing on my car a double-bar-buffer-glare-rectifier or "No-Dub-Buf-Glaro" as it is known to the trade. This suggestion, accordingly, I freely pass along to my cousin and fellow-sufferer across the sea. (Its cost, I believe, was 20 and 6.)

But it is with the latter part of my friend's—XX 4369—letter that I am chiefly concerned—that distressing bit about the driver in front "occupying too large a share of the road." For not over six months ago, I chanced to find myself in an identical dilemma, which goes to show that, after all, the world is a small place. It came about as follows:

As I was driving down Wabash Avenue in Chicago, I found myself overtaking an eight-ton Mack lorry which, incidentally, was drawing a large "trailer" behind. You can imagine the surprise with which I realized that, instead of proceeding along the extreme right hand side of the road—as prescribed by the Motor Vehicle Code, if not by good sportsmanship alone—he was driving practically in the center of the street.

Desirous of "passing" him (for his rate of speed was substantially less than my own), I sounded my hooter, never doubting for a moment that he would promptly turn over toward the curb. I need scarcely mention my surprise when he did no such thing, but continued, as before, *along the middle of the street.* I was about to warn him again, but for the moment forebore.

I determined to give him one more chance. I would sound my hooter once more, I decided, and if he failed to move, I would not answer for the consequences. I did so (*i. e.*: sounded the hooter once more), at the same time gesticulating firmly for the benefit of his mirror. Will you believe, gentlemen, that absolutely no move to the right resulted? Such, nevertheless, was the fact.

I was obliged, consequently, to follow that lorry for no less than 2.3 miles, at which distance he suddenly—and without the slightest signal of warning—made a sharp swing to the left, and to this day I have never arrived at any satisfactory means of accounting for his peculiar behavior. Was it mere abstraction? Was the driver not "road-wise?" Or was it simple discourtesy? I do not know.

At any rate, I trust my British contemporary will be interested to learn of a Yankee who had a similarly unusual experience.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

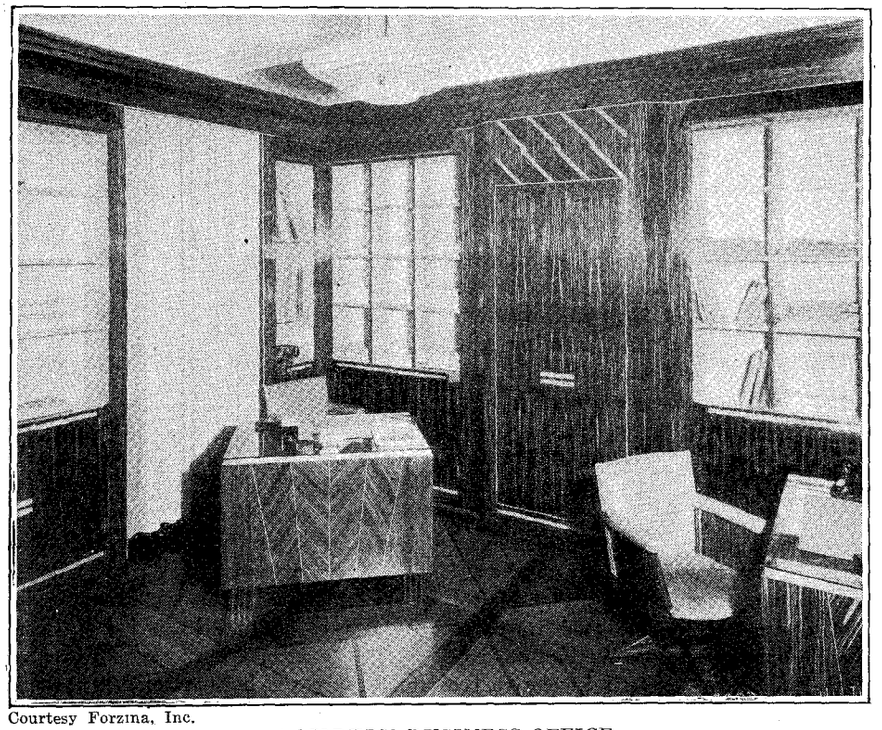
By W. R. BROOKS

WHAT seems a new note in advertising is the statement by the mfgrs. of the Corona typewriter—who also mfgr. L. C. Smith typewriters—that one reason for your purchasing these instruments is the pleasure you get out of the mere act of buying. "You will find," they add, "that it is a pleasure to deal with the men and women who show Coronas to the Public."

Is this, we wonder, the opening gun in a drive against the mail order houses? whose retort, of course, would be to play up the charming personalities of the express and postmen who deliver *their* goods to the consumer. Well, we look forward with pleased anticipation to the day when the social note will be introduced into such little transactions as buying a pair of suspenders or a new car. Of course the social note has entered in more or less already. We tried not long ago to return a defective article to one of the large department stores and we found before we got through that we knew several of the clerks and adjusters as well as we do some of our nearest relatives—and felt the same way about them too.

But seriously, we're all just members of one great big family, aren't we? It must be very hard for clerks and salesmen to forget this in dealing with the public. How much nicer for them if they could be perfectly natural with their customers, as they are in the bosom of their families. And how much more homelike for you, madam, the atmosphere of a store in which the clerk at the silk counter would grudgingly lay aside his newspaper at your tenth effort to attract his attention and say in the tone with which you are so familiar: "Well, what d'you want *now?*" Or for you, sir, the sincerity and lack of artificiality of the lady cashier who having returned your change a dollar short should in reply to your protests tap you lightly on the cheek with a paper weight, remarking: "Oh, go away and don't bother me. Can't you see I'm busy?"

Of course we realize that all such hopes are very Utopian, yet we are optimistic. We have seen signs—particularly in the Christmas rush season—that this general realization of the brotherhood of man is gaining ground. We mention it because we want you to hold the thought. Remember, the next time some one bumps into you on the street, be brotherly, and sock him, with charming brotherly casualness.



Courtesy Forzina, Inc.

A MODERN BUSINESS OFFICE

THE PICTURE we show you this week is of an office done in the modern style by Forzina, Inc. We believe that it is obvious without much comment from us that the arrangement effects considerable economy both of space and time. Also in appearance it is a great improvement over the old style office. It seems quite possible to us that the modern movement will develop a type of office furniture and decoration which will be, instead of an adaptation of living room furniture, something quite definitely related to and dependent upon business and upon office building architecture. Or perhaps not. You know as much about it as we do.

LIGHT WEIGHT STEEL folding tables and chairs, lacquered in various colors, are made by Lyon Metal Products. They are strong, steady and durable, and the chairs are surprisingly comfortable. The claims of great beauty for the table top designs seemed to us a bit overdone, but we do like the idea of tables and chairs that are really strong, and at the same time light in weight.

A NEW WALL PAPER for children's rooms designed by Tony Sarg, which has variety and a pleasant humor, is called Ye Olden Times, and shows sports, home life, travel and so on in the Victorian era. We don't think it's quite ancient enough in spirit to be prefaced with the "Ye"—whose use, anyway, is to us as the motion of a small boat in a heavy sea—but everything else about it we like.

BOTH TYPEWRITERS and alarm clocks, which have hitherto always appeared in public only in sober utilitarian black and white, have come out now in colors. Or rather, have been out for some time. The Corona advertising we commented on above suggests the advisability of selecting a color to match the personality of the typist. The one we're writing on now is black, but as soon as our astrologer informs us what color we should use, we're going to have it Tintexed.

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Backwoods Morality

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

The author reminds us that America is a big country and that its people are not all bound in one direction. Beyond the sounds of mass production there is a vast territory whose inhabitants hold to old ways and notions and look suspiciously at the "gaudy bait of backslapping brotherhoods, plank-banging piety and business strategy." Mr. Wilson himself lives in that America

THE BACKWOODS are a land of strange contradictions and the people are a direct product of the land. Nevertheless, backwoods morality provides one of the most accurate criteria of contemporary American ethics. For the backwoodsman practices an individualistic morality which is not altogether obliterated by economic expediency, leather-lunged piety and legal technicality. Backwoods morality carries a minimum of out side stimuli. It is an ethics of approximate stability, a morality which has held from four to eight generations in a country but little bolstered by the props and spurs of a modern civilization.

To say that backwoodsmen are generally ignorant of law would be far from accurate. The run of them are surprisingly well informed on legal procedure and craftiness. The chances are that virtually any sane yahoo of legal age understands how to acquire or avoid a jury summons, turn State's evidence, frustrate an embarrassing cross-examination or tangle an inquiring judge. Hence statute law rarely suffers systematic enforcement in the back country. Law is an institution far-off and irrelevant. The backwoodsman must be an individualist. He cannot understand why his course of behavior should be shaped by the Baptist Jacks who navigate the State legislature. Law offers protection. Protection from what? If a man can't take care of himself and his woman and his young ones, what right has he to expect a three-letter word to do it for him?

Government to a backwoodsman is as misty and far-away as his conception of a personified god. Its habit of demanding tax money is its outstanding point in tangibility. Usually backwoods people are no sticklers for deeds and papers. The bulk of their contracts are by word of mouth, topped off, sometimes, by a handshake. Sheriffs are easy-going hangers-on down at the county-seat towns. The occasional moonshine hunters generally turn out to be the hardest-looking and least ethical thugs loose.

Want of handy communication cuts off virtually any number of moral urges. If the upbrush commoner hears nothing about relief for the missionary-stricken Chinese, the potato famine in Kamchatka or the unbecoming encroachment of English Shell, they can play no part in shaping his behavior, moral or otherwise. Backwoods morality places a low valuation on human life. This may be a hangover from Elizabethan traditions. More probably it comes of prolonged firsthand association with the expedient practices of Dame Nature. At any rate homicides happen with astonishing frequency. The seven westernmost counties of North Carolina might be taken as a typical Southern backwoods area. Here the annual toll of homicides varies from one annually out of every thousand citizens to one for twenty-five hundred.

THE illustration is a fair one. These are peaceful counties. Their population is long-settled Caucasian American. There are no blood feuds, black-handing, ward gunmen, taxi drivers or detectives. But the homicide rate for the United States at large is about one to 16,000; of Great Britain one to 110,000; of Germany one to 200,000. In the main these back-country killings are wholesome, respectable affairs committed by and upon wholesome and respectable citizens. There is a minimum of wife-beating, husband shooting or blathering about the Seventh Commandment or unsullied womanhood. Land, crops, tenant tolls, horseshoe tournaments, pie suppers, courtroom testimony, horse trades, unfortunate connotations and clear corn liquor serve generally as motivation. Many of the cases are never brought to court; those which are usually draw the lightest of sentences. Others go free.

Backwoods violence is essentially one of primitive fury, a violence of hot words. The bloodiest of murders or the bitterest of feuds usually originates with the sayings of some yokel who was well up in his quarts or the dunderheadedness of a youthful showoff. The run of mankillers or feudists are neither degenerates nor monomaniacs, but good level-headed commoners, ordinarily temperate, honest and reasonably abstemious. Somebody says something and then the trouble begins.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud started when a McCoy penned up two razorback pigs which were claimed by a Hatfield. A famous West Virginia feud broke out again with renewed venom when a twelve-year-old son of one of the warring families accidentally discharged a rifle, the muzzle of which was pointing groundward. In the backwoods of northern Arkansas a mild-mannered patriarch started a feud by shooting a grand nephew who had slipped a handful of white sand into the old gentleman's sugar bowl.

BACKWOODS people are generally non-fraternal, non-co-operative and non-progressive. Blood kinship attracts their first allegiance. Accordingly the feud is usually a family affair. A neighbor is in no particular danger so long as he isn't accidentally intersected by the trajectory of a feudist's bullet or crowned by a ricochet.

Speaking of the lesser pugnacities of the backlander Horace Kephart in "Our Southern Highlanders" makes the rather pertinent summary:

"Among them I have never seen a standup and knock-down fight according to the rules of the ring. They have rough and tumble brawls, in which they slug, wrestle, kick, bite, strangle until one gets the other down, whereat the one on top continues to maul his victim until he cries 'enough'! Often a club or a stone will be used in a mad endeavor to knock the opponent senseless at a blow. There is no compunction about striking foul and very little about 'double-teaming.' Let us pause long enough to admit that this was the British and American way of manhandling, universal among the common people until well into the nineteenth century—and the mountaineers are still ignorant of any other, except that of fighting with weapons."

In matters of property the backwoodsman is likely to be painstakingly

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honest. It is altogether probable that he wouldn't take a pin from your dresser or a hickory nut from your woodlot, even if you were a Republican and a total abstainer. But make reflections upon the insufficiency of his vitals, or suggest the canine element on his maternal side, and he will likely as not pick up a wagon spoke and brain you on the spot. In the sequestered Missouri Ozarks there is a countryside far-famed for its multitudinous murders and stabbings. The place has hardly had a peaceful celebration within the recollection of the oldest settlers. Yet county court records show that the community has not produced a larceny trial in the last seventeen years. Sneak thieves are rare and burglaries virtually unknown in an average backwoods settlement.

BACKWOODSMEN are capable of being honest with heroic persistency. We know a hill man in southern Missouri, a dwarf named Sammy Blankhall. For twenty-odd years Sammy kept a store at the road crossing down near Eagle Rock. He did well enough, too. But one night his store caught fire and was burned to the ground. So there was Sammy, sixty-three years old, without insurance, $1,600 in debt, and no assets other than the clothes he wore. Some time ago we passed his way, and he asked us into his cabin. In the far corner of the single-room there was a bin piled high with black walnuts. Sammy explained that he wasn't stout enough to swing an ax nor has he the heft to follow a plow. So he is paying off his debts by picking out walnut kernels and selling them to town confectioners. He has been at it for three years now and in five more years he expects to have the debt retired.

One evening we heard a pounding at our door. It was a tattered and half-starved boy no more than twelve years old. He was begging wood and food, declaring that his mother was sick abed, cold and hungry. We did the best we could by him and thought no more of it. A good six months later some one slipped a quarter in our hand. It was the beggar boy. The youngster had found a way to earn money and now he had come to settle for the wood and victuals. He had been scooping water moss from the bed of Roaring Spring, cleaning and drying it, packing it fifteen miles to town where he could sell it to a gold fish dealer.

In the backhills nowadays moonshiners have come to be the most numerous legal transgressors; but ethically speaking, it strikes us that the moonshiner comes about as thoroughly clean as any entrepreneur of the time. For moonshining is a sound and venerable occupation. In the early days the pioneer found alcohol to be his most convenient and satisfactory preservative. His surplus of apples and peaches he made into brandy; cherries and berries he put to cordials. In a measure he could market his cotton or tobacco; but considering mountain isolation and prevailing travel conditions, transporting so bulky a crop as corn to market was, and is still, cumbersome and frequently impossible. When properly converted, however, a bushel of corn makes close on to two bushels of double-run liquor. The backwoodsman of today looks upon moonshining precisely as his grandfather did—as a straight-forward agricultural enterprise. He keeps at the rigorous trade with all due sobriety and nonchalance. The chances are that the moonshiner is a good host and a charitable neighbor; that he will give ham meat and sausage to the widow lady; spend any amount of time with a sick friend; tramp twenty miles across country in the dark after a doctor, or prove to be first man at a funeral or a wedding. If a prohibition yahoo molest his place of production he would a little rather scare him off than shoot him, although he wouldn't get into any particular sweat over the difference.

GENERALLY speaking, backwoodsmen are due an honor rating among the world's most accomplished liars. But the majority of their prevarications serve merely as garnishments and embellishments for conversation. This fireside lying appears to stir within the yahoo's being a pure flame of esthetic delight. He will sacrifice a record for fifty year's veracity in horse trading or egg sorting for the proper bolstering of a single merry story. In this romancing the backwoods commoner behaves with magnificent consistency. He doesn't tell the truth himself and he doesn't expect anybody else to. This conversational lying involves a subtle technique. The usual procedure is somewhat as follows:

Suppose Tola Summerlin opens with a good hot one on the Mingus boys. Cap'n Bullteeters elevates the brim of his time-battered felt hat and inquires casually where you said you were from. You probably do not recall having brought up the subject, but you have a ready-fabricated come-back. Then Uncle Puny Dell begins to get at your business. Do you sell photygraphs or household motters, or are you buying timber? You say something, virtually anything so long as it is not the whole truth. To open with a straight statement of fact would be both ungentlemanly and disillusioning. Every one is expecting you to lie about it and your happiest course is to live up to expectations. The countrymen acquire their fun by using wily and circuitous circumlocution to pry the truth out of you.

OUR first forceful introduction to this practice occurred in Hawg Eye, Arkansas. We were writing for a St. Louis newspaper and struggling to get the most information in the least time from an old codger who was doing his best to hold down the third step of the store porch. He began asking about a relative of ours who had, half a century ago, kept a store near Hawg Eye. We made expedient prevarication because we wanted him to answer our questions rather than to spend the day at answering his. But his venerable pulse seemed to quicken; his eyes sparkled, and he began back-tracking with an endless chain of queries, all subtly linked. Presently he had us caught. We had flatly contradicted ourself on a point of heredity. We were embarrassed; but we could see our questioner's delight even through the dense barricade of whiskers. Then gradually we came to understand. We had unthinkingly done precisely what the store-porcher had joyously anticipated.

Doctor Dell, who tends maternity cases and sick cows, was making conversation in Drake Creek post office.

"Wal, you know one time a book peddler he gimme a little Bible. I could read purty well back in them days. It was before I got snow-blinded in the winter of eighty-two. So one day I was a-reading in it an' Ma come by an' ast me what was I doin'.

"I says 'Why, I'm lookin' up names for my chilluns'. She says "Aw shucks!" But you know, I shore fooled her that time. Because after I'd took and married they come three boys, then a girl and then another boy. And what do ye reckon I named 'em?"

"Wal, suh, I called 'em Matthew, Martin, Luke, Ann, Jawhn."

After the doctor had departed the storekeeper made explanation.

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"Now that's a damned lie. Doc ain't never raised no sons. One was borned to him onced, but it died."

One of the surest tests of the propensity is to overtake a backwoodsman toward dusk and inquire casually where he is headed for. Invariably he has an answer, primed, ready and erroneous. Generally he is lying without tangible motive. You know that he is lying. He knows that you know he is lying. But the usage holds. Conversational lying is gregarious romancing. It is expected and accepted with beaming complacency. For a backwoodsman to break down and straight-off speak the truth would be blighting to the hale-fellow spirit.

GENERALLY speaking Protestantism is waning in the brushier backwoods. Catholicism has still scanter hold. Here in northwest Arkansas there are stretches of upcountry twenty miles square which have neither a church nor a parson. The same holds in isolated sections of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina. The surviving isolated meeting-houses are becoming scarcer as poverty comes to be more pressing. For if the upcountryman has neither shekels nor reasonable prospects for getting shekels, he obviously cannot jar down with a generous Sunday's offering.

But preachers must be paid. You cannot expect an ambitious, plank-banging Methodist parson to stick indefinitely at Pettigrew, Arkansas, on a compensation of $26 a month and a yearly allotment of four pigs and a cord of fire wood. Due to the extreme scantiness of the pickings, backwoods preachers are fast moving out toward more promising prospects—to valley towns with sewage and police patrol—where there are blocksful of souls in need of salvation and movies with vaudeville. As the years follow the sequestered backwoodsman loses the opportunity for weekly holyings; and being an animal of earth he is prone to revert to more elemental deities of earth. Soil, weather and growth, these are his deities of effect. Jonah may or may not have been swallowed by the whale; Joshua may or may not have made the sun stand still; but the backwoodsman knows and knows with powerful certainty that the fate of his corn crop and hay and berries, and whether he and his woman and his young ones partake heartily of likely victuals or skimp through the winter on corn pone and branch water, falls wholly to this super-trinity.

When provided the opportunity, backwoods people are as a rule both neighborly and generous. If one stops on a hot afternoon and asks for a drink of water, the chances are that he will draw, in addition, a pitcher of milk or a cut of cake. This can hardly be adequately attributed to their ignorance of the ways and means of commerce. Openhandedness appears to be a permeating characteristic. In the course of jaunts in the backhills total strangers have almost any number of benevolences thrust upon them, a turkey, a mess of fish, a night's lodging gratis or a sheepskin rug. Children have eased up to drop into our hand a fistful of nut goodies and before we could say a word they had vanished into the underbrush.

Poverty or condition of habitat are but scant barriers to the functionings of this hospitality, and backwoodsmen are delightfully unmindful of social mechanics. One night we inadvertently called for lodging in the cabin of a skunk hunter. The old timer was delightful company, too, all save his professional aroma. The house, the barn, the hound dogs, even the cupboard reeked with the odoriferousness of vanquished polecats. We were sitting before the fireplace, filtering the atmosphere as best we could with a bandana handerkerchief crimped close over our nose.

"You-all don't mind the huntin' smell, do ye?"

"Oh, no, not in the least."

"You know"—he rammed a handful of homegrown tobacco into the bowl of his pipe—"I sorta come to like that skunk smell. Gits in your clothes in autumn times and stays about all year. But I like it. Smells healthy."

BACKWOODSMEN are an abstemious people. Their fare is usually scant—cured pork, corn bread, corn meal mush, pumpkin sauce, dried apples or peaches sometimes, and wild fruits and berries in their season. But their appetites appear lighter than their victuals. A brace of backwoods plowmen would likely not eat as much as a medium hearty shoe drummer, and the run of upcountrymen are awe-stricken at the heartiness with which "furriners" attack their nourishment. Most backwoodsmen, both men and women, at some period of their lives consume temperate quantities of liquor, but heavy drinkers are extremely scarce. We would risk a wager that there are blockaders of mature years who could be drunk under the table by a Park Avenue flapper.

IN the backwoods sexual intercourse has been traditionally regarded as one of the more casual turns in vital experience. To them virtue seems not necessarily heroic. The days are long in the hills. Time is there in insuperable abundance, and labor is relatively slight. Backwoodsmen are not a particularly robust people and they are prone to suffer depression both of flesh and of spirit. In mood they are more speculative than philosophical.

The mail driver picked us up the other day. We began to get the lay of things through conversation. He began with a discourse on death.

"Death," he said, "is just the new life that grows up inside you. When the old life is through with, why there's a new one waiting to come out—like a brown butterfly from its coccoon."

The conversation began the inevitable circle. The mail man was easing over a prolonged series of troughlike gullies.

"You know, I'm in love. I'm in love with the school teacher up at Reeves post office."

We struggled to appear congratulatory.

"I figgered maybe I'd just run off with her. We could take out through the bresh and pick new folks and a new country. But the trouble is—I'm a married man. Been married nine year—got married when I was twenty. Lonesome, maybe, but it only brought more lonesomeness. Nice gal. She done well by me. But me and her don't seem to mean nothin' to each other. We got a boy, now, though. A son. Eight year old his last birth. I hate to leave him, but—

"Now, if I go ahead and take the school teacher it'll mean a mighty lot of agony. Cost my job, I reckon, cost ever' thing I've got—but her. And if I do take her, why then maybe it'll be jest the same thing over again. With her it'd maybe be just the same as without her. But anyhow, I think I'll try."

He did. He has gone to moonshining up Scrub Creek.

The morality of the backwoods is an old one. It has survived with slight change through crowding generations and hectic decades. It is essentially a static ethics and the prospects are that it will continue as such. Highways and

(Please turn to Page 80)

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Prize Song and a Revival

By EUGENE BONNER

ON THE title-page of Ernest Bloch's "America," An Epic Rhapsody in Three Parts for Orchestra, which was awarded the $3,000 prize offered by "Musical America" for the best American symphonic work, we find this line from Walt Whitman: "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you."

In addition to the quotation, the composer has written the following preface on the fly-leaf of the published score:

> This Symphony has been written in love for this country; in reverence to its Past—in faith in its future.
>
> It is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision has upheld its inspiration.
>
> The ideals of America are imperishable. They embody the future credo of all mankind, a Union, in common purpose and under willingly accepted guidance, of widely diversified races, ultimately to become one race, strong and great. But, as Walt Whitman has said: "To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is of no account. That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibers of plants."
>
> Though this symphony is not dependant on a program, the composer wants to emphasize that he has been inspired by this very ideal.
>
> The anthem which concludes the work as its apotheosis, symbolizes the Destiny, the mission of America. The symphony is entirely built upon it. From the first bars it appears, in root, dimly, slowly taking shape, rising, falling, developing, and finally asserting itself victoriously in its complete and decisive form.
>
> It is the hope of the composer that this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope.

We quote Mr. Bloch's preface in its entirety as it alone can explain to our mind the very extraordinary hodge-podge which constitutes this prize-winning work, unanimously awarded the palm in this particular contest.

The work is divided into three parts, the first movement bearing the inscription: "1620—The Soil—The Indians—— England — The Mayflower — The Landing of The Pilgrims," has of course to do with the primeval condition of this country, the landing of the Pilgrims, their hardships and so on.

The second movement, "1861—1865; Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow," has for its theme the terrible Civil War and the confusion which followed, while the third and last movement, which is headed "1926. . . The Present—The Future," concerns the storm and stress of the present age with a glimpse into the great days to come, into which halcyon era we are apparently to be propelled to the tune of "Yankee Doddle."

While Mr. Bloch's idea for the work is praiseworthy and the obvious sincerity of his gratitude to this country is most commendable, it would seem to us that he has bitten off rather more than he can chew. We stand second to none in our admiration for the genius of Ernest Bloch as exemplified, for instance, in his superb "Israel" symphony, but in attempting to round up such widely opposing musical elements or themes, and to pack them into a work purporting to be musically representative of us as a Nation, he has walked on very dangerous ground.

THE fact that has probably escaped Mr. Bloch, and which escapes most foreigners for that matter, is that while we are undoubtedly a very sentimental Nation, we are at the same time an extremely ribald one. While we do love our National airs and folksongs, and love to trot them out on all occasions, the use of them in serious music never fails to unduly amuse us or, what is much worse, to get on our nerves.

The first movement with its opening section based on Indian themes is far superior to the two succeeding ones and the familiar material used is far more expertly handled than in the 1861—1865 section. The introduction of "Old Hundredth" toward the end is extremely effective.

The second movement with "Old Folks At Home," "John Brown's Body," "Pop Goes The Weasel" and "Dixie," while cleverly put together (nobody denies the technical brilliance of any of all this), reminded us irresistibly of the usual type of "patriotic medley" heard not infrequently in our very best motion picture palaces.

As for the last movement with its use of jazz rhythms and coon-songs and its attempt to picture this age of machinery, it was good enough, though infinitely better done by John Alden Carpenter in his "Skyscrapers," and the anthem at the end in which the audience was invited to join (copies of which were slipped into the programs) was most unfortunately reminiscent of the "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" refrain of "The Holy City," that song hit of the Mauve Decade which has long since been burlesqued out of existence.

IT HAS been all of eighty-four years since Verdi's "Ernani" first saw the light at the Teatro Fenice in Venice. It seems almost unbelievable that it could have stirred up all the trouble it did at that time. Of course European countries have always taken their theatres much more seriously than we, and with reason, seeing that the opera and the drama were long considered most effective for purposes of propaganda.

It was largely such a situation that caused the disturbance in 1844 when the Verdi-Victor Hugo piece was first given. Many remarks of the characters were deemed to be of an inflammatory nature and the great conspiracy scene had to be toned down before the opera could be given.

It was two years later, in 1846, that New York first heard the work at the Astor Place Opera House. Since then it has had many revivals, both Marcella Sembrich and Adelina Patti having appeared here in the rôle of Elvira.

Revived seven years ago by Mr. Gatti, it has been absent for four years from the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House until two weeks ago, when it reappeared upon the scene with a distinguished cast headed by Rosa Ponselle as Elvira.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"My Man"

ALL admirers of the art of Fannie Brice (and this should include every sensible member of the human race) can now see and hear the première gamine of the American stage singing, grinning and clowning her way through a rather inadequate talkie named for her most famous song. They will be a bit disappointed at the reproduction of Miss Brice's voice and they will find the story that the Warner Brothers have had written for her fairly sloppy in spots.

But these factors will, we venture to say, make very little difference to them. Fannie Brice will hold and charm them just as effectively as she ever did on the stage, because her abilities as an entertainer are so extraordinary that they could pull her over many more rough spots than she has to negotiate in "My Man."

Archie Mayo directed this picture and again proved that he has a better conception of pace than any other man in the business. "My Man" moves along through many different scenes with refreshing speed and pep and lags only in those parts where the script grows too heavy to carry, or where the picture turns silent. As in "On Trial" Mr. Mayo made all his people act with the most commendable naturalness and practically eliminated from his action all such faults as stage waits and slow cues. In Guinn Williams and Edna Murphy he had two performers of rare ability to help him out. Williams, an actor new to us, brought a rugged, clumsy honesty to his part that looked easy, so skilfully did he develop it, but which we hereby applaud as unusually able acting. Watch this young man, with his hefty frame and authentic Southern drawl; he will make a good thing out of the talking movies.

Since they had to write a story for Miss Brice, it's hard to see how it could have been other than a Jewish story. But sometimes we think that one more crack about surreptitious indulgence in ham and we'll be out in the street talking to ourself. But—there, there! Miss Brice recites "Mrs. Cohen at the Beach;" she sings "My Man" twice, and "I'm an Indian" and "The Boidies that Sing in the Spring" and, above all, she sings "Second Hand Rose." And for what you have to pay to see "My Man," that's an awful, awful lot.

"The Circus Kid"

WE have here an elaborately manufactured story of circus life, the central figure of which is that talented child actor, Frankie Darro, and which includes in its cast Joe E. Brown and Helene Costello. We can't say we cared for it.

Every scene in "The Circus Kid" ended in an anti-climax of one sort or another and gave the impression that the persons responsible for the continuity were getting the flu, and growing weaker and less able to be about their business with each reel. Long before the final anti-climax was reached, one knew all too well what was going to happen and, sure enough, it did; and (as Mr. Lardner has so pertinently put it) what of it?

FANNIE BRICE
The premiere gamin of the American stage

"The Haunted House"

CHESTER CONKLIN and an assorted gang of comedians, villains and spooks make of this rather meaningless comedy-mystery-melodrama a thing not entirely devoid of merit.

It's one of those yarns about the rich relative who tries, by testing out the nerves of all his prospective heirs, to find out which one of them it was that put the arsenic in his highball. So he tricks them all into coming to his spooky country house and puts them through a series of supposedly hair-raising experiences to find the culprit.

Forget to keep track of the plot—and you may get laughs enough out of this picture to compensate you for going, but this will depend on how capable a forgetter you are.

"Prep and Pep"

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY is the scene of this attempt by William Counselman and David Butler to duplicate the success of "The High School Hero." "Prep and Pep" is a very nice picture, but it isn't "The High School Hero" by a long shotput.

One thing "Prep and Pep" *has* got, however, is a singularly accomplished boy comedian. His name is Frank Albertson and some of our more mature comics would do well to take note of his methods, and observe the unflagging attention to business that marks his handling of his part.

David Rollins, who has the lead, is not a favorite juvenile of ours. He seems a little too la-de-da to be credible in the parts he plays. John Darrow, on the other hand strikes us as being one of the most attractive and able of the younger screen actors.

We hope David Butler will do some more stories of youth and that Mr. Counselman will write them; but we should like to see them work their stories out with a little more care.

"Riley the Cop"

IT NOW BECOMES necessary to take notice of a spotty comedy from the Fox lots entitled "Riley the Cop" featuring Farrell McDonald and Louise Fazenda.

Of this production we should say that Officer Riley's inabilty to conceal his identity, in any guise, because of his police feet, and a momentary scene wherein he and Miss Fazenda make faces at each other, with a hurried private rehearsal before each face, are fairly bright features of an otherwise sad attempt at fun-making.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

A Week's Reading

The Magic Island. By W. B. SEABROOK: Harcourt, Brace. Published January 3.

JUST AS dragon lizards, great shambling things left over from prehistoric days, still live on a remote Pacific island, so, on an island near at hand there flourish today religions such as one reads of in "The Golden Bough." In "The Magic Island" a courageous, imaginative and skilful man who has investigated the soul of Haiti, reports upon it, brilliantly. The same success which attended the Seabrook book on Arabia should fall to "The Magic Island." It is a prize among travel books. Considering its contents in the wrong order, the second half of the book is given over to an engaging account of the "civilized" part of Haitian society where the United States Marines, the representatives of foreign commerce, the black leaders and the mixed creole population mingle in a sort of comic opera performance against a magnificent scenic drop. Here there are familiar tropic tunes. But in the first half, the music is macabre. Haiti must be a startling place. Electricity lights in roads, and in the ditches a sleek black bull, with candles blazing on his horns is sacrificed to ancient gods. Exquisite brown girls dance in Paris clothes in the cosmopolitan ball rooms of Port au Prince and hurry home to concoct love philtres. Seabrook, by his own gracious tact and sympathy as well as by good fortune met, lived with and was confided in by the high priests of Voodoo. His adventures carried him farther, presumably, than non-believers have gone before. He witnessed the celebration of sacred mysteries. And he saw, too, the performances of necromancers. He touched primitive faith, and the charlatanry that exploits the gullible. He found no sacrilege in the Voodoo religion, an extremely emotional and apparently solacing faith, a curious conjunction of medieval catholicism and Dionysiac or Mithraic-like beliefs. He separates Voodoo definitely from sorcery and the practice of the Black Mass with which it is usually confused. The material which he secured is remarkable and valuable. He writes with imagination and sympathy and with considerable knowledge of primitive and orgiastic cults and of folklore. The stories he tells are wierd, often frightful. But in reading "The Magic Island" one is reminded of "The Emperor Jones," and not to the advantage of the Seabrook book. The scenes which Seabrook describes must have been awful to witness but they do not make the hair rise and the flesh creep as did that terrifying play. The illustrations, unfortunately, are inane and merely vulgar. Looking at them, we are again reminded that it takes an artist to transmit to his audience the mystery and terror of dark things.

With this issue, Speaking of Books will inaugurate a new policy in book reviewing. All important books will be reviewed in the issue immediately following the date of publication, so that you will be able to read about the new books as soon as they come out.

We believe this will be of considerable value to you. Book reviews are as much news as are accounts of current events. We want our book columns to reflect the immediate book situation, not the book situation of six weeks back. So far as we know, no magazine in the field consistently attempts to do this. In addition, in each issue will be found a list of interesting and important books forthcoming in the week following.

Another Part of the Wood. By DENIS MACKAIL: Houghton, Mifflin. Published January 4.

THIS is what is usually described as hammock literature. It concerns some English boys and girls who play in quite another part of the wood from the strange, secret glades where wander the youths and maidens celebrated by Mary Butts, Helen Simpson and Rosamund Lehmann, and from the grove of monkey trees which Aldous Huxley spies upon. These adolescents would be easier to live with than the others but are not so interesting to read about. Or perhaps it is only that they do not attract such skilful reporting. Beaky, Noddles, Stubbs and Sylvia; school mistresses, an aunt, a dishonest guardian, a bounder and some small-time show people; a small motor car and a large one, a girls school, an English village, a London flat: these are the settings, and those the characters who carry out the simple plot provided by a competent constructor of very light and mildly humorous fiction.

The Way the World Is Going. By H. G. WELLS: Doubleday, Doran. Published January 4.

EVERYONE who writes, however humbly, for a journal will be prejudiced in Wells's favor immediately upon reading his prefatory note. The papers assembled in this book originally appeared under the auspices of a newspaper syndicate, and Mr. Wells rejoices that, here, they may now appear without cuts or mutilations. The jacket of "The Way the World Is Going" describes Mr. Wells as "the best-informed man alive." Information is rather overcommon, nowadays. What Mr. Wells is, is something far more rare, he is a most thoughtful and a most courageous man.

Wells has surveyed the activities of men everywhere and he discusses them and the direction in which they tend brilliantly and fearlessly in this book. He is not afraid to express his doubts of democracy, doubts which are shared by an increasing number of people. He dares to describe the "present uselessness and danger" of aviation, to question the tyranny of broadcasting, the imbecilities of "super-films," to mention some of the delusions of world peace, and to talk frankly about the possibilities of war between America and Great Britain. In his paper on that subject he says: "Now is the time for people who want to delay and avert a catastrophe . . . . to make it clear that the war-makers will have to reckon

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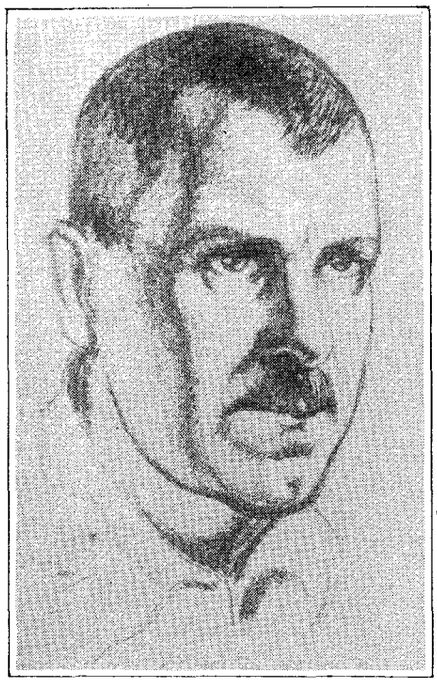
with immense defections." In the chapter on the Soviet Government in Russia he says: "I have recently been reading the History of Demonology and Witchcraft by Montagu Sommers, and various utterances upon the Soviet Government by supporters of the present enlightened government of the British Empire, and I find a curious confusion in my mind between the two." His views on Experiments with Marriage are magnificently sane and should be read by all who become hysterical on that subject. His chapters specifically addressed to the American people are among the bravest that we have read. In one of them he quotes from another critic a damning phrase, and while he seeks generously to mitigate the severity of that indictment one feels that he acknowledges and deplores its truth. To a thoughtful man of whatever nation, the saddest thing about Americans must be "the extreme paucity and poverty of their mental life." Temper, if you choose, the quality of these chapters by reading Spender's "Through English Eyes," published last month by Stokes, but be sure to read them. When printed in the magazine section of the "New York Times" they were no doubt considerably cut.

While the Bridegroom Tarried. By EDNA BRYNER: Dutton. Published January 2.

THIS book deals with man as bridegroom; that is, with man in the aspect in which he is, we understand, most interesting to the modern woman. Since it lights but one facet of an intricately cut stone, it does not throw a lifelike picture. "'Tis woman's whole existence;" but a psychological study of man in his relations to women is only a fractional study. Of Edna Bryner's hero as father, creator, friend, functioning citizen, we know nothing. The man in "While the Bridegroom Tarried" was a coward and a fraud toward women, and there were three who suffered seriously at his hands to say nothing of others dismissed with a paragraph. But he might have been otherwise a decent human. American men are not notably successful in their relations with women. In material things they do nobly. As spiritual solace, they are not remarkable.

Alden Bennington is the product of heredity and education. And Edna Bryner has been wonderfully able in suggesting, without overemphasis, that fact. So that, as one looks back on the book, one is convinced that given his parentage and his up-bringing, he is just about what might have been expected. This fine honesty is the best thing about Edna Bryner's work, as it was in her earlier book. Alden Bennington was badly spoiled. At twenty-one, when the book opens, on the eve of his marriage, he has the character at once of a calculating old maid and of a sublimely selfish adolescent. He is a musician but has decided against a professional career. He would never have been a "great pianist." Perhaps he is an artist gone wrong. Certainly, although he did well, financially, he was not the essential "good provider." He conceives of



W. B. SEABROOK
He lifts the curtain from Voodooism's mysterious rites in "The Magic Island"

his marriage as foredoomed to failure because a girl whom he loves but dares not approach tells him at the last moment that she would have had him. But he intends nobility. The marriage is a failure. After a few years and two children, Bennington gets work which keeps him away from home for seven years. Then he will be noble again; he returns and gets a eugenic baby. But his wife has seen through him, and she dies in a frenzy of reproach. Harriet, his dream, whose late admission of love had provided him with an excuse for his failure as bridegroom, that time, reappears. He becomes engaged to her; another noble gesture; the woman has waited for him for years. But she is a frosty, aging virgin. Ursula comes along, the "typical" modern girl, much like Andy Brandt, of Edna Bryner's first book, and evidently a favorite type with her. Bennington was a poor choice for her. His compromises, his panderings to his own vanity nearly, but not quite, destroy her. He marries Harriet, and fails her, naturally, so obviously that she leaves him almost at once. And Ursula turns to a better man. Alden Bennington loses both the cold wraith of a dream and the semblance of warm reality.

The women are fine pieces of characterization, and further demonstrate the skill with women which Edna Bryner showed in her first book. The man is not convincing. And sad as the situations are, full of disillusion and pain, they affect the reader very little. His interest in the book is wholly mental. Edna Bryner's style is vigorous and in the current idiom. But while the deliberate awkwardness of her paragraphs told to advantage in "Andy Brandt's Ark," where the subjective angle of narration was used, it is less successful in this book which would have gained in poignancy by the use of more objectivity and a more fluent style. "While the Bridegroom Tarried" is written with great sincerity. It has strength and breadth. And, compared with the shallow performances of many popular and much praised writers, it has depth. But it lacks reality. "Man as bridegroom" is only a small part of man. Had Alden Bennington been a more rounded character, his evident desirability as bridegroom might have been more evident to the reader, and his failure, therefore, more tragic.

The Good Red Bricks. By MARY SYNONS: Little, Brown. Published January 2.

THIS is a story of Chicago in the nineties. Sally, the city child, growing from girlhood to womanhood in an atmosphere of ward politics, race tracks and prize rings, of the pleasures and disappointments, the loyalties, deceits and bravery of people whose lives are not complicated by cerebral emotions, is the protagonist. She is the daughter of a small politician, jailed for bribery, and of his fine, courageous wife. She is a singer, and from the days when she makes music for hos-

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pital patients to the nights when her name blazes before the door of a city theatre her life is concerned with common things, with city streets and close-set brick houses. She loves a young prize fighter, who is always going to quit the game after the next fight and go on with his studies, and she loses him to a friend. But only for awhile. After his last fight, Joe comes back home to die in Sally's arms. The story is a sort of ballad, sad and sweet, sentimental, unamusing, simple and sincere.

The following books published this week were received too late for review:

The Snake Pit. By SIGRID UNDSET: Knopf. A continuation of the story begun in "The Axe." By the Nobel Prize winner.

Peder Victorious. By O. E. ROLVAAG: Harper. A story of second generation immigrants, carrying on the theme of "Giants in the Earth."

Transport. By ISA GLENN: Knopf. Another book in which isolated lives are brought fortuitously together, and problems solved by the enforced association of shipboard. By the witty author of "Southern Charm."

As this department begins with this issue an attempt to review books immediately upon publication, reviews of the following important books, published in December, will have to be omitted: "The Wanderer," Fournier: Houghton Mifflin; "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," Zweig: Viking; "The Mad Professor," Sudermann: Liveright; "The Rebel Generation," Kuller: Dutton, and "Through Beds of Stone," Haskins: Knopf.

The following review by Van Wyck Brooks of three books published last month is included because of the extraordinary interest which has been displayed in them.

Three American Biographies

Meet General Grant, by W. E. WOODWARD. New York: Horace Liveright.

Jubilee Jim: The Life of James Fisk, Jr., by ROBERT H. FULLER: Macmillan.

The Terrible Siren. Victoria Woodhull, 1838-1927, by EMANIE SACHS: Harper.

THE biographers continue to scan American history for subjects, drawing up in their net fishes of all sizes and singularly regardless of the size. No figure seems to be too insignificant to enlist their interest, and worthies, or unworthies, who would have been considered in former times deserving at best of a paragraph in some biographical dictionary are dealt with in large volumes such as were formerly devoted only to major characters. The effect of this habit has been a notable re-creation of the National past, or would be so if any reader could have compassed the entire range of these works. At any rate, it has provided the social historians of the future with an unparalleled wealth of material upon which to draw. Meanwhile, along with the many insignificant figures that have been dragged up from the depths, the great ones have been subjected to a fresh treatment that has placed them for the first time in their true light. The victims of overadulation have been viewed realistically, along with the victims of an unfair depreciation. American history has been recast biographically in all its length and breadth and lies before the historian revealed in greater detail perhaps than the history of any other modern nation.

Notable among these realistic biographers is Mr. W. E. Woodward, whose life of Washington was unusually successful as the portrait of one worthy whose fellow countrymen have consistently refused to see him as in himself he really was. Mr. Woodward's "Meet General Grant" is an equally admirable re-creation of a National hero, viewed warmly and affectionately but quite without regard to heroics. Grant has always seemed hitherto a rather stolid, unapproachable figure, although his extraordinary rise from an extraordinary failure and the equally extraordinary failure that followed his rise are sufficiently dramatic for any biographer. Mr. Woodward has given us the man as no one else has ever been able to do it; and one's only adverse criticism of the book is that it precipitates too hastily and with insufficient detail the final catastrophe. More might have been made to advantage of the tragic circumstances of Grant's last years, the fiasco of his business life and the magnificent way in which he faced death, writing his "Memoirs" almost up to the last hour. But this is relatively unimportant: it counts for little beside the fine effort with which Mr. Woodward has painted the general course of Grant's life.

There was no latent joy in that life, according to Mr. Woodward: none that is discoverable. It was a grim, puritanical existence, varied by bouts of reaction against its repressions, chiefly in the form of solitary drinking. An aversion to all things sexual, an aversion even to the military life always characterized it, for Grant hated war, and, great general that he was, perhaps the greatest in the world in his day, he knew nothing of the lore of war and never developed any adequate sense either of the science or the art of his profession. His success was due to his smashing power, together with an incomparable knowledge of the manipulation of war materials acquired during

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The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. A fine story of a Russian war prisoner and the lives upon which his life impinged.

The Wanderer, by Alain Fournier: Houghton, Mifflin. This is a moving story of a dreamer's search for perfection written in simple and beautiful prose.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Bambi, by Felix Salter: Simon and Schuster. A tragic idyl of the woods. Reviewed July 18.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

Disraeli, by André Maurois: Appleton, translated by Hamish Miles. You will enjoy this charming and vivid portrait. Reviewed Feb. 22.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stage of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed Nov. 14.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic contains some of our finest contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

AFTER reading Osbert Burdett's life of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning last week, I turned from that record of the happiness which may be the lot of a woman married to an author and was plunged into a very different set of circumstances, when I opened "The Diary of Dostoyevsky's Wife" (Macmillan), translated from the German edition by Madge Pemberton and edited by René Fülöp-Miller and Dr. Eckstein. It so happens that the English publisher of this book has also issued "The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife" (London: Gollancz), which will, I presume, be published in this country. Between them they present a picture of married life which is calculated to send every woman reader straight to the nearest Babbitt.

The clash between Tolstoy and his wife is an old story and both parties have given their side of it to the world, he as the accuser, she as the defendant. Owing to the peculiar development of Tolstoy's career, his case is rather special. Without committing oneself to the belief that Sophie Andreevna was the ideal mate for Tolstoy, most normal people will readily sympathize with her refusal to follow him into the ascetic wilderness where he ended his days. In view of what followed, certain entries in her diary make curious reading. Tolstoy was a distinguished writer and twice her age when he married the seventeen-year-old Countess. Yet the entries in her diary show him to have been as nervous and shy in proposing to her as any callow youth. In his own diary he wrote: "I did not believe I could ever be so much in love as I am. I'll go mad, I'll kill myself if this goes on much longer . . . . I'll tell her everything first thing tomorrow morning—or else shoot myself." Instead of which Tolstoy wrote her a letter and she accepted him.

"Incredible happiness!" he wrote after his marriage, "I can't believe that this can last as long as life!" Two weeks seems to have been too much, for his wife writes a fortnight later: "I am terribly sad and take refuge in myself. My husband is ill, bad-tempered, and doesn't love me . . . He grows colder and colder every day, while I go on loving him more and more. His coldness will soon become unbearable." Unbearable is apparently a peculiar term, for Sophie Adreevna remained his wife for forty-eight years, an experience which culminated appropriately in her being denied admission to the room in Astapovo railway station where Tolstoy lay dying. "The door of the room was locked, and, when I wanted to get a glimpse of my husband through the window, a curtain was drawn."

THE twenty-year-old Anna Grigorievna Snitkin was also just half her husband's age when she became his second wife, and this diary covers the first four months of their marriage, when they left Russia harrassed by debt, and wandered miserably over Germany, ending up in Geneva. It tells a story whose dreary sordidness is equal to anything in the novels of Dostoyevsky. They were in money difficulties all the time, which were not simplified by the husband's gambling, his quarrels, bad food and dirty rooms in mean hotels—all of this punctuated by Dostoyevsky's epileptic fits. They drank tea and coffee at those intervals so frequent that they are a peculiar feature of Russian fiction, and made visits to lending libraries where there was almost always a dispute about the charge for borrowing books.

If such a period in the life of a young couple is supposed to be romantic, Dostoyevsky promptly disillusioned his wife in this respect. She was filled with pity for him when he was attacked by his fits, but it is not possible to hold them alone accountable for his strange conduct. He was a moody, irritable man, with little self-control. One day his wife broke three teeth in his comb and was thereby so terrorized and perturbed that she was afraid to face him for several hours. When she opened an umbrella awkwardly, he made a scene with her in public. Nothing was too trifling to provoke dissension, and poverty dogged their every step. Here is a scene after Dostoyevsky has gambled away their last cent and has taken her jewelry to pawn:

"No sooner had the door closed behind him that I was a prey to such insufferable thoughts I could no longer control myself, but began to cry bitterly. It was no ordinary weeping, but a dreadful convulsive sort of sobbing, that brought on a terrible pain in my breast, and relieved me not the slightest. So utterly miserable and cast down was I, I simply could not bear it. I began to envy all other people in the world, who all seemed to me to be happy, and only ourselves—or so it seemed to me—completely miserable. . . . It wasn't so much that I was afraid of losing our last penny, as that everything appeared so difficult, such a sordid drama of care and pain; that now our minds would be filled with nothing else but the thought that yesterday we had one hundred and sixty gold pieces and now not one of them was left."

On his return, Dostoyevsky announced that he had also lost the money raised by pawning the jewelry. He was repentant and both were miserable. The wife's final reflection, however, was that "all this trouble was a kind of atonement for the tremendous happiness that had come my way in marrying Fyodor." From which I conclude that it is a waste of time to commiserate with those whose lives are cast not upon the calm waters of suburban respectability but upon the choppy seas of artistic and bohemian circles. There is not a word in this diary to indicate in what manner the society of Dostoyevsky was more agreeable and stimulating than that of a stockbroker. His wife appears to have been a charming, sweet and rather simple person, whose demands upon life might have been more fully answered by any other type.

WE have recently had new lives and newly edited lives of Dickens which dwell more candidly than Forster did upon the matrimonial misadventure of that great exponent of Victorian home life. After twenty-three years of marriage and the birth of ten children, Dickens discovered that he could not live with his wife. Beware, then, of these literary gents; they do not, it would seem, make good husbands. When they hapen to be great Russian novelists, they are even more difficult, but make no delay, if we are to judge by Tolsoy and Dostoyevsky, in showing it. This does not seem to have discouraged their victims. Nowadays, I imagine, the disillusioning process would result in speedier action, to the advantage of all concerned.

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By WALTER R. BROOKS

Anne Bosworth Greene's Lambs in March Century

These essays speak in a pleasant, quiet, simple voice that is likely to be completely drowned in the shrieks, yells and caterwaulings of current book ballyhoo. They chronicle for the most part everyday life on a New England farm, with a few side trips into the city and the West. If you like horses, the smell of wood smoke, snowdrifts, fog, the sound of thunder in the mountains, the feel of the hot August sun on your back—you'll like this book. It's written with humor, and with no attempt to be literary at the expense of nature. And if you like cats, there's a very nice cat in it.

Edwin Tenney Brewster's This Puzzling Planet Bobbs Merrill

We learned a lot of things rather easily by reading this, but some of the things scared us. It made us feel very insecure when we found that the continents are just rather light weight rocks, floating about like lily pads on a sea of heavier basalt. Of course, they drift very slowly, and we don't suppose we need worry, but all the same we don't like it. And then the idea that the core of the earth is of iron, and that the outer crust, a thousand miles or so thick, is made up of planetary dust—meteorites and so on—that have fallen on the earth since it was thrown off from the sun. If all that material has fallen in the past, certainly more will fall in the future. And what's to prevent a hunk of iron the size of the great pyramid from falling on this office tomorrow? Answer that in any way you please, the answer won't be very heartening. Nevertheless we enjoyed the book,—all except some of the chapters which dealt with the history of geology as a science. It is simply and entertainingly written, and when you've finished it you'll have a pretty clear idea of the how and when and why of the planet you temporarily inhabit.

J. J. Connington's The Case With Nine Solutions Little, Brown

We were deeply chagrined that we did not reach the correct solution of this case until the author himself produced the murderer. We had all the facts early in the game. What we lacked was brains. We just didn't see it. We comfort ourself by asserting that the story was so exciting that it didn't allow us time for much thought. Indeed, the combination of plenty of action with a careful presentation of the puzzle is rather unusual. We recommend it to those who like a good story as well as to those armchair sleuths who enjoy gum-shoeing after an author through the pages of a book in the hope of capturing the criminal before he is unmasked by the necessity for a solution.

J. S. Fletcher's The House in Tuesday Market Knopf

Another Fletcher. As who should say: "Another Ford." And this year's model seems a little better to us than last. This one begins with a man who "senses things." When you learn that what he sensed was a man who had been murdered and concealed in a cupboard, you won't at first be inclined to give him any particular credit. But then you learn that the murderee had been skilfully embalmed. And then suspicion centers on Dr. Hadrill, whose wife had been seen lunching—yes, sir, right at the same table—several times with the murdered man. And so on. Well, it's told in an interesting and workmanlike way. The only trouble with it is that every one knows who did the murder long before the end of the story, with the result that they all have to go around hiding their suspicions from each other so the proper number of pages will be filled. And that seems rather like a waste of good paper—to say nothing of good time.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 72)

his years as quartermaster. It was these faculties that accounted for his sudden rise after the failures of so many other commanding generals, so far superior to himself in certain specific respects. And it is interesting to see how, in spite of the gentleness of his nature and his hatred of carnage, he developed toward the end of the war a ferocity that was almost equal to Sherman's: indeed, the whole Northern army, as well as Lincoln himself, developed this ferocity as the result of frayed nerves and the prolongation of the war.

Mr. Woodward's book is notable also for the admirable way in which it paints in the general background of Grant's career, the economic life of the country, North and South, and other details, political and social, that are germane to the subject. As a Southerner born, the author shows remarkable impartiality in his treatment of all these matters and is notably just

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Exit "Wild Bill"

(Continued from Page 50)

tle enthusiasm in proceeding against the Aluminum Company of America. But in this case Donovan's conscience seems to have been clear. He faced without flinching a cross-examination by Senator Walsh and in the opinion of many came off with the honors. On this occasion Donovan gave proof of his alert mind and his thorough knowledge of the law. In his report to the Senate, Senator Walsh lambasted poor old Mr. Sargent for knowing less than nothing about the case, questioned the "vigor and good faith" of the Department of Justice—but said very little to discredit Colonel Donovan.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN will undoubtedly continue as one of Mr. Hoover's closest advisers, and it is therefore pertinent to glance at his political philosophy. He is, I should say, a realist who admits the ancient political truism that a compromise is the shortest path to victory. And his point of view is best illustrated by a story. Senator Borah had been making a nuisance of himself by asking the numerous candidates for the G.O.P. nomination to state their views on prohibition. Were they dry and just exactly how dry? Mr. Hoover was among those who answered, after long meditation, and his assertion that the Eighteenth Amendment was "an experiment, noble in motive" to be "worked out constructively" pleased both the wets and the drys. There was considerable curiosity among the Washington correspondents regarding the authorship of this masterly statement and many of them believed that Bill Donovan had been partially responsible. So one day a reporter dropped in to see the Assistant Attorney General. Naturally, Donovan refused to discuss it, but he listened amiably while the correspondent pointed out that the Hoover statement had been very, very clever.

"By saying prohibition is an experiment," he remarked, "hope is given to the wets that a better day may come. Calling it 'noble in motive' pleases the Methodist-Drys in the South. It was pretty smart, all in all."

Colonel Donovan, it is reported, grinned as though to indicate that this had been the idea.

The ambitious gentlemen who hope for high office when Mr. Hoover returns from South America are still puzzled, we have seen, regarding the intimacy of his relations with Colonel Donovan. They forget that Donovan has known the President-elect for more than a decade. Early in 1916, he was sent to Poland by the Rockefeller Institute to obtain and distribute milk for the infants of that desolated land. It was then that he first met Mr. Hoover, who was engaged in feeding Belgium. They met again when Colonel Donovan was in Paris during the war. And in 1922, as counsel to the New York Fuel Administration, Donovan frequently conferred with Secretary of Commerce Hoover. He had admired Hoover almost to the point of reverence years before the Presidential boom took shape. Inevitably he was one of the first to support it.

It is yet too early to draw any accurate conclusions regarding the type of President that Mr. Hoover will make. Except for the virtual certainty that Colonel Donovan will be included, there is nothing but gossip regarding the Cabinet. It may be, however, that Donovan is the first key to the administration of the next four years. He will be industrious, active and safe. He will do nothing to upset business stability. He will be a competent, but not a great Attorney General. And before Mr. Hoover seeks reelection, I predict, there will be few to recall that he was ever known as "Wild Bill."

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 74)

even in his discussion of Sherman's march across Georgia, no mean trait in a native of South Carolina. All in all, his book is a memorable contribution to American biography, fit to stand side by side with "Washington: the Image and the Man."

"Jubilee Jim: the Life of James Fisk, Jr.," and "The Terrible Siren. Victoria Woodhull, 1837-1927" deal with two figures of very minor importance who yet have a certain picturesqueness that warrants, especially in the latter's case, treatment at some length. "Jubilee Jim" is told, not very successfully, in the form of a novel, purporting to be written by a boyhood friend of the financial buccaneer who figures also in a minor way in the life of General Grant and who is painted with a generosity which the subject scarcely warrants, for Jim Fisk, although a most likable person, was the shadiest of all the financiers in the history of Wall Street, with the exception of Daniel Drew. His life story is the thinnest of the thin, but Mr. Fuller has succeeded in padding it out to the dimensions of a long novel, which, while amusing in spots, is scarcely justified.

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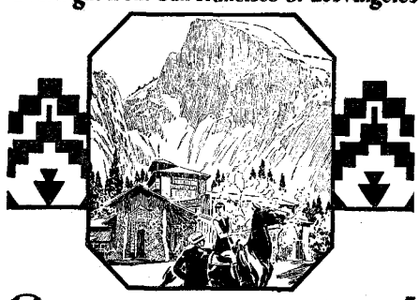

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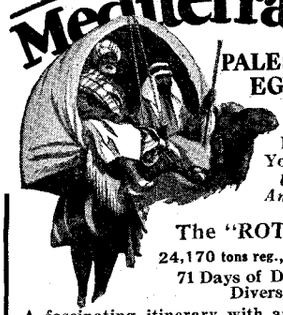

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The Bond Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

DISTRACTED by all the explosions and the fireworks of every kind in the stock market, the public has been paying comparatively little attention to bonds. The cautious investor, however, who wants safety and income rather than excitement has found the bond market quite satisfactory and he is looking forward to what it will do for him in the New Year.

In spite of the pronounced heaviness this summer, prices have more than held their own during the year. The market was consistently strong until the middle of June. Offerings were large but they were readily taken. The weakness lasted from June until about the end of August. Demand picked up again in September and has been reasonably strong ever since.

Private buying of fixed interest securities is relatively smaller than it was ten or twenty years ago. There can be no question about that. Even the most conservative counsellors-houses and financiers who would have advised clients in 1919 or 1909 to buy nothing but bonds—have been converted to the policy of including at least a few sound common stocks in almost every list. In some cases, of course, security holders who can afford to take a moderate risk have put all their funds into stocks. This policy has proved to have been a decidedly profitable one during the last twenty and particularly during the last four or five years.

In 1934, it may appear that this policy is an equally wise one today. Many sagacious buyers, though, believe just the contrary. They have been taking advantage of the extraordinarily high bond yields current today and have been buying good, sure incomes for the years to come. Among this group are many successful speculators who have made it a practice to bury a certain percentage of their earnings in bonds or preferred stock. With this bulwark behind them they have been able to continue their operations on the Stock Exchange with freer minds.

It is not individuals, though, who do most of the bond buying today. The bulk of the demand comes from institutions such as banks, insurance companies and trusts of various kinds. Several influences have combined to increase their buying. In the first place, there has been the enormous increase in savings, much greater than the growth of the country's population. Most of the savings find their way into these institutions, which invest only a small proportion of their funds in anything but bonds. An increase in savings, consequently, means an inevitable increase in bond buying.

In the last year, moreover, the Legislatures of New York and a few other States have widened the "legal list." They have authorized the purchase by savings banks and life insurance companies of certain types of securities that had hitherto been forbidden. Public utility bonds were the ones most favored.

The prices of fixed interest securities, however, could not have stood up as well as they have during the past year in the face of steadily rising interest rates if the offerings had been as large as they were in 1927, when they set the staggering record of nearly $7,500,000,000. In 1928 they amounted to a little less than $6,000,000,000.

Industrial, railroad and foreign bonds showed the greatest decreases from the volume of 1927. In each case, it was easy to explain the shrinkage.

Bond financing of industrial companies has been on the decline but because both the companies themselves and the public preferred to see necessary funds raised by means of stock offerings. Few organizations like to assume a fixed charge if they can help it. By offering stock they not only avoid incurring such charges but they build up equities against which they may issue bonds later if they find that the temper of the buyers has changed. At present buyers themselves much prefer to be owners rather than debtors of American industry. So every one has been pleased.

ECONOMICAL and efficient management which has diminished activity in the equipment companies, but benefited almost every other business, has been chiefly responsible for the comparative paucity of railroad issues, although, in this field, too, stock offerings have expanded to meet the demand. The roads have been able to make their old equipment last longer than they ever could before and have therefore needed to borrow less to buy new. A pick-up in rail financing during the last few months, though, indicates that borrow-

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ings in the first three quarters of the year were abnormally low.

In view of the general improvement in Europe, foreign issues enjoyed here a higher rating than ever before. High money rates in this country, however, have made borrowers in Germany, France and Central Europe prefer to find lenders nearer home. The decrease of 30 per cent in 1928's foreign issues as compared with 1927's would have been a great deal larger if it had not been for the fact that Canada and South America increased their borrowings from us.

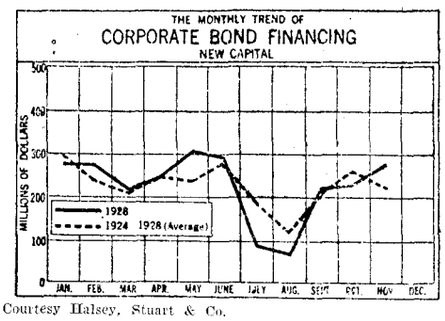
NO FINANCIAL predictions can be thoroughly reliable but the majority of experts certainly agree that the bond market should be even better in 1929 than in 1928. C. W. Sills, vice president of Halsey, Stuart & Company, and George E. Roberts, vice president of the National City Bank, are two prominent bankers who take this point of view.

Giving the reasons for his confidence Mr. Sills says that "after the stringency of year-end settlements and Christmas trade, the volume of new funds available for investment promises to be greater than at any comparable period in the American securities market. The fourth quarter disbursements of corporation dividends have set many new records and much of this becomes available on January 1. Monthly interest payments are running 8-10 per cent above a year ago and these in particular tend to seek reinvestment in bonds.

"If the call loan market continues uncertain, undoubtedly many millions of these funds will return to their normal place in conservative securities."

Mr. Sills believes that whatever the stock market does in the next few months, its recent gyrations will frighten many potential speculators into bond-buying.

All bullish predictions, though, contain one big "IF." Everything will be all right almost everywhere, *if* money rates do not go higher. If they do, there will be trouble in the bond market as well as in many other places.



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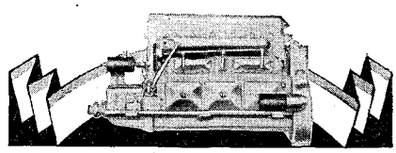

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Trot, Gallop and Charge

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

IT is maintained by various pundits of the General Staff, and by solemn military critics of international reputation, that the cavalry is obsolete in warfare, that to continue cavalry instruction and practice is to perpetuate an anachronism. All of which may be true. Or it may not. However that may be, there are those who are vitally interested in perpetuating the cavalry spirit. Thanks be to polo that spirit *has* been perpetuated, and lives today on many a field and in many an armory. The name and the fame of the Black Horse Troop of Cleveland will never die, and by the same token neither will that of Squadron A. You may dismount them and chain them to the rattling machine gun, you may "Boerize" them into mounted infantry, you may even call them field artillery, but the glamour of the *beau sabreur* clings to them still. Even the foot-slogger of the Seventh Regiment has been caught up in the whirl and furor of the cavalry spirit, and now puts out an indoor polo team that some day will come abreast of the best of them.

This indoor polo game, indeed, and incidentally the first polo played in the United States was indoors at Dickels, has became the rallying point for the cavalry spirit, and for this Squadron A, as the prime mover, is to be heartily congratulated. Just as the cavalry spirit will never die out at West Point, at the Pennsylvania Military College, at St. Johns, Manlius, or at Norwich, that small but famous cavalry school in the Green Mountains of Vermont, and which graduated such widely different personalities as J. Watson Webb, of Shelburne, one of the best of our internationalists, and Admiral Dewey, who showed something of the cavalry spirit when he poked the noses of his ships into Manila Bay, so our own Squadron, call it what you will, must always remain primarily and fundamentally a cavalry organization.

Now while the Squadron has no nine-goal player (the top handicap in the indoor game) in action, it always has a set of teams, not merely one or two, that give excellent accounts of themselves throughout the season, and occasionally win championships. There is a steady "feeding up" of good young players, and in time it is expected that the Squadron will draw rather more extensively on such college polo stars as may establish themselves in New York. The cavalrymen have at present another promising Class A team in Brady, Young and Nichols, and two interesting Class C trios made up of Drowne, Young, and Tom Brady; Fitzgibbon, Kellog, and Bill Klausner.

These men are horsemen first and polo players afterward, for the Squadron prides itself on its horsemanship and justly so. Brady, as it happens, is one of the best judges of mounts in the country, and has been responsible to a considerable degree for strengthening the Squadron's already excellent string. The New York cavalrymen, in consequence, are never found poorly mounted. And they are always well grounded in the technique of the indoor game. It is seldom they are defeated by anything save a team of stars, such as Allenhurst and the New York Athletic Club sometimes produce, by the Commonwealth outfit of Boston, steered by Winston Guest, the internationalist, or by the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, one of the best playing and most finely mounted organizations to be found anywhere in the land.

SIGNIFICANT of the growing popularity of the game is the fact that the indoor season this year was started three weeks in advance of its predecessors. The earlier matches saw the teams just beginning to find themselves and settle down to the work, but there was room just the same for fine individual exhibitions by young Borden of Princeton and Captain Matthews, the stalwart of the Squadron attack.

Later in the season the tanbark will begin to fly under the hoofs of the West Point officers, all of them instructors in the game, and hence practically under obligation to show a lot of polo. They are great favorites, too. While their specialty is team work, Charley Gerhardt, who in recent years has caught Milburn's eye, because of his fine play out of doors, and Tupper Cole, an old team mate of his in many another sport, notably basketball, may be depended upon for individual brilliancy also. Sometimes they play on their own mounts, but more frequently on borrowed horseflesh, and such a situation is a clear test of horsemanship. Most good players will tell you that it takes at least one period really to get going on a borrowed mount. Especially good is the hitting of the West Pointers, for they have a manual of the mallet which they practice quite as assiduously as they do that of the sabre, and they have frequent recourse to practicing strokes from the back of the wooden horse.

IT is to be hoped that more will be seen this season of the young men from Norwich. Colonel Edwards takes off his hat to nobody when it comes to turning out horsemen, which is why his young cavalrymen are so often to be seen in the movies doing considerable rough riding in the snowdrifts of Vermont, and their polo is as good as the rest of their work. The only trouble is that they cannot afford a "traveling circus" and in the course of their forays into strange territory are obliged to ride borrowed mounts night after night. Which is one reason why their victories are not as numerous as those of the other colleges where private mounts of the finest grade are shipped along with the teams. However, the red-shirted Vermont cadets are splendid sportsmen.

Just a word, by the way, about this sportsmanship. It was only a few years ago that they played against a New York team of which a famous cowboy humorist was an outstanding member. This same humorist, playing gallery polo, considered it an excellent joke to ride wrangler fashion, with the result that he was a rough customer to handle and the referee was too much awed by his reputation to call the fouls he should have called.

Asked after the game why they did not resort to the same tactics, since the referee was letting everything go, the cadets replied that they were riding borrowed mounts, and that they had been taught that the safety of the horse was a sportsman's obligation. Which of course it was. Young men who are taught that way are a valuable addition to any game. Few of the spectators realized exactly what was happening but those who did began to root for the visitors, and will do so in the future whenever they appear.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 75)

"The Terrible Siren," on the other hand, is thoroughly interesting throughout. Victoria Woodhull, the sister of the still better-known Tennessee Claflin, was a formidable person in her day, a firebrand and a most extraordinary mixture of the charlatan and the apostle of woman's rights, general freedom, sex equality and a dozen other causes, albeit much more the charlatan than the honest apostle. But with all her ideas, true and false, she had enormous courage and an unexampled will to live and her character was as vivid as it was half-ingenuously wicked. Her wildly emphatic public announcements of her sins had something admirable in their vulgarity and her entirely promiscuous free love was entirely devoid of the elements of slyness and secrecy. The only woman who has ever run for the Presidency, she was yet by no means on a level with the real leaders of the woman's suffrage cause in the matter of equal rights, though she was modest enough to affirm that she scarcely expected to be elected. But in this, as in her assertion of her constitutional right to vote, she showed an intrepidity that was only equaled by her audacity, an audacity that led her to return to America from England, after she had married a conservative London banker, and sue for libel a newspaper that had merely mentioned one or two discreditable facts of her career which all the world knew, and asserted what she had herself asserted a thousand times in regard to her f mer "free love" opinions. It was Vi toria Woodhull that Henry James had in his mind's eye when he wrote "Th Siege of London," but the original w a much breezier figure than the cha acter based upon it. And in the en the child who had been shunned as member of an outcast family in miserable pioneer village on t frontier died as the Lady Bountiful o an eminently respectable English parish, described by the English newspapers as "The United States Mother of Woman Suffrage, the Benefactre of Bredon and a Promoter of Ang American Friendship." This is a tr dramatic story and a real contributi to our social history, admirably to by one who has possessed herself, b a long and patient investigation, of t far-flung necessary documents.

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Rogues in Clover. By PERCIVAL WILDE: Appleton. Jan. 11.

Backwoods Morality

(Continued from Page 67)

tourist posts and rustic resorts com and go and come again, bringing with them the aromas and grosser mechanics of modern America. But their area of penetration are clearly limited; fo physically speaking, the backwood have only a few apparent cashable re sources. They are picturesque to degree, and leisurely aloof; but the hill are steep, the roads are rough, the markets far distant, the run of the so is poor and the timber soon take Speaking generally, commerce has scar base for substantial and long-sustained exploitation. What the future hold for the backwoodsman is difficult t prophesy. With him, there is n Mohammed and the mountain parabl If Mohammed will not come to him- well, what of it? He has no particul urge to go to the mountain. And the you are. The trouble lies in the fa perhaps, that the backwoodsman supremely content with things as they are, undesirous of making changes which *might* better his lot but which again, might not.

Moreover backwoodsmen are inclined to be cautious, individualistic and profoundly dubious of foreign ways. They are slow to nibble at and slower to swallow the gaudy bait of backslapping brotherhoods, plank-banging piety and business strategy. Not that their souls are unconquerable or their morality inscrutable. But the backhillman is a closely tethered product of soil, weather and season. Land gives him and takes him and keeps the change.

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